The Inquirer.

A Journal of Liberal Religious Thought and Life.

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.] [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2930. NEW SERIES, No. 34.] *LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST* 20, 1898. [ONE PENNY.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE great heat of the last few days has not been encouraging to very vigorous activity. Thoughts are apt to wander from the desk that still enchains, and the crowded, scorching pavement does not seem a reasonable place for human feet. It is better to be far away from streets, and offices, and shops. On the hill-side there is, at least, space to breathe, there is shade in the woods, and down by the sea one can get under water. Who would not rather be out on the moors, or down by a stream, such as in Wensleydale breaks into successive falls and makes a constant music that invites to idleness? Or if the sea is calm, after a bathe and before another bathe, hang over the side of the boat floating in among the rocks, and look down through the clear waters at the fairy gardens waving there with silent soothing motion. So one may dream even in town, and be refreshed. And yet there, also, one is not utterly forlorn. The great river flows by, and a breath of revival sometimes comes. Crossing Waterloo Bridge, even now one catches glimpses of the ideal city which may be; the great dome is there and some lines of noble buildings, and a fringe of trees. And with how little may a contented soul be happy! From a very humble room one may look out through an arch of shading creeper, and see a single hollyhock in bloom, and out upon a little patch of grass one finds there is some space even along the backs of common houses. There is a line of poplars, with their fluttering leaves. The evening light touches them, and beyond is the clear sky.

M. Étienne Coquerel writes in *Le Protestant*, of August 8, a warm tribute to the memory of the late Félix Pécaut, for many years the head, and practically the creator, of the great training college for schoolmistresses at Fontenay. Born in 1828 in the bosom of orthodoxy, Pécaut studied theology at Montauban, but gradually abandoned the doctrines of orthodoxy, and instead of entering the Church devoted himself to educational work. He was a man without guile, of profoundly religious nature, who simply followed the light of truth and conscience, and did not hesitate or fear to declare the convictions that possessed him. He published in 1859 his "Christ and Conscience," and in 1870 his "Christian Theism," books which brought down upon him the reprobation of the orthodox world; but what those who understood the man felt about his religion is indicated by the saying of a pious and entirely orthodox woman, who had known Pécaut all his life, and who, on hearing him vehemently abused for his heresies, replied: "You may say what you like, and perhaps, in fact, he was wrong; but look you, Félix is a saint." After the disasters of 1870 Pécaut threw his whole heart into the work of the regeneration of his people, and at the instance of Jules Ferry undertook the formation and the superintendence of that Training College, which, without the introduction of any dogmatic theology, was dominated by a most earnest religious spirit. To the recent General Assembly of Liberal Churches at Paris, Pécaut sent a letter in which he rejoiced that the Protestant Church was now turning from the letter, which kills and divides, to the spirit which re-unites and builds up, and expressed his conviction that thus the Church would become more and more one of the principal forces of the country, the nursery of men, of character, of strong and free conscience.

A NOTE in the *Christian Register* to the effect that Newman's "Lead, kindly Light" was written to describe the rest and peace he found in joining the Roman Catholic Church, led two correspondents to point out that while Newman was received into the Roman Church in 1845, the hymn was written in 1833, and one writer adds that it may therefore fairly be claimed as of Protestant authorship. But Newman has himself described in the *Apologia* his state of mind at the time the hymn was written. He was greatly troubled at the condition of the Church of England, and felt that the vital question was how "to keep the Church from being liberalised." "As to leaving her, the thought never crossed my imagination, still I ever kept before me that there was something greater than the Established Church, and that that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and organ. She was nothing, unless she was this. She must be dealt with strongly, or she would be lost. There was need of a second Reformation." Of the inner life of the Roman Church he knew at that time nothing, but he felt that he had a work to do in England, and when on his Italian journey with Hurrell Froude, he was prostrated with fever in Sicily, he fretted to be home again. It was while becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, in an orange boat bound for Marseilles, that on June 16, 1833, "Lead, kindly Light" was written. Early in July he reached home, and on Sunday, July 14, Keble preached in the University Pulpit at Oxford that Assize Sermon which Newman regarded as the commencement of the Oxford Movement. In another passage Newman says that when the hymn was written he had been long aware that his mind had not found its ultimate rest, but he did feel that he had a mission, and that God was leading him.

THE Rev. W. C. Gannet has written to the *Christian Register* urging the claims of the Liberal Congress of Religion, to which we referred a fortnight ago. "The Congress is the child of the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. It seeks to perpetuate the Parliament's spirit among the varying churches of Christendom and religions of the world. The Parliament was a single great and wonderful conference, setting forth the ideal of fellowship in religion. The Congress aims to keep that ideal to the fore by uniting each year in friendly and public conference whatever forces are liberal enough to emphasise freedom and fellowship and character and service as essentials in religion. Goodwill leads to practical co-operation, co-operation, in turn, to deeper good-will; and much good is waiting undone in every community, for the Churches to become a unifying instead of a differentiating power. Rev. Dr. Thomas (Independent) of Chicago, is the President of the Congress. Jenkin Lloyd Jones is its Secretary, and the incarnation of the movement. T. W. Higginson, Minot Savage, Heber Newton (Episcopalian), Rabbi Hirsch, are Vice-Presidents; and among its directors are Independents, liberal Evangelicals, Unitarians, Universalists, Jews. The movement is still young and small. An annual meeting is held—that, at present, is all—a session of four or five days, to which speakers of several differing faiths bring able contributions. Twice the meeting has been held in Chicago, once in Indianapolis. Last year it was held in connection with the Nashville Exposition. This year,

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in October (18 to 23), it is to be held in connection with the Trans-Mississippi International Exposition at Omaha. It will be the Parliament of Religions of that Exposition."

Mr. Gannett concludes his letter on the Liberal Congress by the following suggestion as to what might be further done for the drawing together of the members of different religious bodies:—"Better yet would it be, more good yet would it do for liberal hearts in different parts of the country, to organise similar congresses. There have been now and then a few such gatherings on a town or a county scale—perhaps one, in Maine, on the scale of a State. But why not State liberal congresses all through the North—a Massachusetts, a New Hampshire, a New York Liberal Congress? Or, perhaps, a New England Liberal Congress! Each one with its regular biennial session of three or four days, and its carefully constructed and many-sided programme. If instituted by representative men—men of force and influence, men of real religiousness, practical wisdom, and eager social interest—such congresses might speedily become most significant meetings, and fountains of good in the land. The time is ripe for such movements."

The address of the Jewish members of the Board of the Liberal Congress of Religion to their co-religionists contains the following passage:—

"The sympathetic study of the world's religions and the belief that there is none among them but has some Divine accent and answers some deeply human need recommends itself, if to any one, to the Jew who remembers the utterances of his prophets and is conversant with the stress laid by his own religious literature upon the duty to search and to study out the various manifestations in the heart of man and the history of mankind, of the universal longing after the higher possessions of truth and the deeper intimacies with the Divine. Especially in these days of revived mediævalism under the cover of religious or rather irreligious bigotry, victim of which always and everywhere is the Jew, it cannot be a matter of indifference to us whether there be or be not in this land an organised and influential movement to dispel by the light of truth the clouds of ignorance, and through the influence of broader knowledge to disarm superstition and prejudice. If our prophets taught one thing it was that religion must be a directing force in the adjustment of human society. Justice and righteousness according to them are the foundations of God's throne, and as such should be made the pillars on which to rest the edifice of our humanities. In the conflicts of this day, resulting from the faulty or imperfect realisation of this prophetic insistence, it is essential that religion become a constituting factor once more in the architecture of public as well as of private life. This is among the fondest convictions of the Congress, and as such again the Congress has taken upon itself the duty to fructify the spiritual legacies of Isaiah and Amos."

In a recent letter to the *Times* Sir William Harcourt commented on that interpretation of the Uniformity Amendment Act of 1872, by which Dr. Temple (in 1892), then Bishop of London, suggested that the prohibition of special services composed of what did not form part of the Bible or Book of Common Prayer might be taken to mean the prohibition merely of doctrines, the substance of which could not be found in either Bible or Prayer-Book. This suggestion Sir William condemned as "a characteristically ecclesiastical gloss," and he added:—

To my mind the most formidable feature in the present crisis is not so much the irregular conduct of individual parsons as the open disregard of the law by the Bishops. Who can wonder that, with such an example before them, the subordinates follow the lead of their superiors in perverting by non-natural interpretation the plain injunction of the law and the obligation of their ordination vows? A law-evading Episcopate will never bring forth a law-abiding clergy. These proceedings of the Bishops are avowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury as intended to give letters of licence for clerical experiments. But the authority of the Bishops cannot override the statute law or relieve the clergy from their duty to obey it. What makes the matter the more serious is that the principal author and promoter of this confusion and chaos is the Primate of the Church of England. He seems to regard the Established Church as an experimental field for ritualistic essays and reviews. It is much to be desired that this pretension to set up additional services, departing from the text of the Prayer-Book, according to the fancy of each individual Bishop, may be brought to the test of legal decision. We shall then know whether the national Church is a foundation based on the principle of the famous Abbey of Thélème, over which the Primate has inscribed the Rabelaisian text "Fay ce que voudra." The Church of England does not consist of, nor is it at the disposal of, the Bishops and the clergy. They, happily, are not its masters or its lawgivers. The law has provided against their sacerdotal usurpation for the protection of the laity, who will do well to enforce its sanctions.

To this letter a reply was made by the Rev. R. H. A. Bradley, who said:—

Sir W. Harcourt has entirely misunderstood, if I may be permitted to say so, the action of the Bishops in the matter of "additional services." They are, as I understand them, offices not for public worship, but for the conducting of guild meetings and the like, which might be said in unconsecrated buildings, where we possess such. It is obvious that "the order of morning and evening prayer" is wholly unfitted for meetings of this kind. The Evangelical section of the Church of England have long been accustomed to supplement the Prayer-Book offices by services consisting of the reading of the Bible, the singing of hymns, and extemporaneous praying. All we claim is the liberty to do the same, with the substitution of liturgical forms on the lines of the Prayer-Book for extempore praying. The very few churches in which "the creeping to the Cross," &c., is observed may be left out of consideration, and but few ritualists would defend such observances. We are clearly permitted to hold additional services consisting of portions of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, whose words alone may be used. But it is nowhere laid down as to how many words. It would be easy to compose an office in which no words or sentences but those to be found in these two books should be used and yet of such a nature as would set Sir William's Protestant hair straight on end. I do not see what is to hinder us from using such an office. There are few Roman devotions, the words of which, in some connection or another, cannot be traced to the Bible.

That is a suggestion which would clearly reduce the law to an absurdity, supposing the Bishops took the same view. Mr. Bradley adds:—

The Bishops are wise enough to recognise that the needs of the nineteenth century require something more than that which was sufficient for the sixteenth; and, like another bench which used to be familiar to Sir William Harcourt, strive even to a little straining of the law to satisfy those needs.

In spite of Sir William and Lord Grimthorpe, I venture to assert that the clergy, whether High or Low, are loyal to the backbone; and, though we may wish and pray for a unity which we have the highest authority for desiring, are content to wait until a reformed Rome shall make it possible. With the exception of a few free lances (where are there not such?) we are no more Romanisers than the Reformers. Like the Reformers, we prefer the ancient forms of prayer where they are not deformed with mediævalisms; and, as our hymnals will testify, do not scruple to utilise the best, or what we think the best, of Nonconformist compositions. We trust our Bishops, and we believe our people trust us. I am old enough to remember (as then a young parson) the St. George's-in-the-East riots and Bishop Tait's first charge and what came of it all, and I am not afraid of Sir William Harcourt's "charge." I remember the St. Barnabas disturbances and what came of those. The Church still survives, and it will not disintegrate now. It is healthier than it ever was. The excrescences will die out. It can never be forced back to the narrowness of the early years of this century.

Mr. Boros's letter from Hungary, the greater part of which we published last week, concluded with the following sentences. He had been speaking of the visit of Bishop Ferencz to some of the Unitarian churches, and the encouragement the people received:—

"A very hard and trying situation have those Unitarians who live separated from our congregations and, therefore, very seldom hear a Unitarian minister. We are just making plans to procure ministerial or congregational aid for these in dispersion. Fortunately the new law [as to pecuniary support from the State] gives some opportunity to our ministers even with regard to them. Let me notice that the connection of our Theological College with the University began this year, and, I am glad to say, with good success. Our students in the first year's course attended some lectures diligently, and at the same time did good work in the College. I think that next year the building of the new College will be begun. It will be an extensive and fine edifice.

"The news of Professor Carpenter's intention to retire from Manchester College made all of us who knew him very sad. It is indeed a great pity and a very great loss. Professor Carpenter's scientific erudition and his personal high qualities made him so eminently fitted for his professorship that I can hardly imagine the College without him."

IN SIMPLICITY, WEALTH.

Unwrap thy life of many wants and fine:
He who with Christ will dine
Shall see no table curiously spread,
But fish and barley bread.
Where readest thou that Jesus bade us pray,
Give us our sumptuous fare from day to day?

Why wilt thou take a castle on thy back,
When God gave but a pack?
With gown of honest wear, why wilt thou tease
For braid and fripperies?
Learn thou with flowers to dress, with birds to feed,
And pinch thy large want to thy little need.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE PULPIT.

MINISTRY FOR TO-DAY.

BY THE REV. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.*

"Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."—Luke ix. 60.

The man who looks round to-day upon the theological world sees what seems at best a melancholy spectacle. Before him is stretched a wild waste, which was once full of human life, but which now contains the ruined heaps of shattered fane and temple. To north and south, eastward and westward, extends a dreary desert where human thoughts lie scattered about like broken pillars of an ancient architecture. Once in these beliefs there breathed a living spirit; once in these opinions there was vitality and power of life and death, not only over the body, but over the soul; not only for time, but for eternity. But all this seems past, and the eye rests on a confused wreckage of capital and column, of arch and perpendicular, half buried in the sands, recording the arrogant usurpation of human ingenuity to rank as Divine Infallibility.

Many of the boldest and most inquiring minds in modern times look upon this scene of desolation and sink into despair. Others rejoice that the old tyranny of priestcraft which weighed upon their souls with the oppressiveness of a nightmare has at last passed away, never again to hold its victims in the dungeons of a godless creed. Some there are with spirits radiant and reckless, buoyant in the hope and freedom of youth, who dare mock the saints, crying, "Behold your temples." Others with inexhaustible research wander through this waste of futile thought and labour to bring stone to stone, and thus piece together what remains into a semblance of the ancient edifice. And their much skill is frequently rewarded. With the aid of new material the structure grows apace. They hope "till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." They establish a "new orthodoxy." Meanwhile the scoffer, and not only the scoffer, but frequently the impetuous reformer, surveys their work, and compares it in disgust with that of grown men going back to play once more with the puzzle boxes of their childhood. And those of us who have sincere reverence for every thing that is old and venerable are sometimes inclined to wonder whether the task of reconstruction is quite worth the time and energy which is being bestowed upon it.

We remember that he who wept over the impending doom of Jerusalem was the same who at the ancient well uttered those deathless words, "The hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain, not yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . The hour cometh, and now is, when true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." In his spirit we would preserve our veneration for every vestige of antiquity, for what is sacred in the past, and at the same time meet the future with an undimmed faith, knowing that though temples crumble and decay the Spirit is eternal, abiding from everlasting to everlasting. Whilst thus remembering how we are dependent upon the past for every step we take into the future we ask again: Is it worth while this elaborate attempt to resuscitate dead and dying dogmas into life? In some cases at least is it not an extravagant misapplication of talent? Let it be admitted that doctrine, even if vain, is nevertheless inevitable—that form though transient is nevertheless the temporary condition of the eternal substance; yet this zeal for the *old* doctrine, this jealousy for the *old* form, this anxiety to preserve a semblance of orthodoxy, does it not foster an apologetic habit of mind which easily passes into weakness, acquiescence and insincerity? Is it not this very readiness to compromise that is paralysing the manhood of our day, and eating like a canker into contemporary morals? Shall we not rather say that the instant a man believes that the old theologies are dead or dying, he should boldly say to his soul once and for all "Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

There is only too much reason to believe that numbers hold aloof from the churches in impatient but manly protest against this attempt to galvanise an old theology into new life. On modern tongues the old confessions have ceased to ring true, and once the utterance gives forth a false note, the prophet has become a time server—sounding brass and a clanging cymbal—wholly impotent to inspire the ardent earnest youths who now leave the dead inside the churches to bury their dead, whilst they themselves go forth into the political and philanthropic world to preach there with a different and truer accent, the everlasting kingdom of God. There may be much self-will, much perversity, much conceit, some love of notoriety in these revolts. Often there is much ignorant misunderstanding of ancient customs and formularies, but nevertheless the fact remains that rightly or wrongly the hot blood of vigorous faith rebels against the attempt to reconcile modern science with mediæval doctrine, and nineteenth-century knowledge with sixteenth-century articles of belief. The hearts of good and true men are on fire with living burning ideals, and they are not at all interested to hear how a skilful theologian can spiritualise the legends of the Bible or make the doctrine of evolution discreetly interpreted square admirably with Genesis and the Fall of Man. Such unworthy gymnastics of the mind they cannot but denounce with the raging wrath of the prophet. The kingdom of God on this present palpable planet is the one burden of their souls and they cannot tolerate anyone to spoil the ideal with vain academical conceits. For them the religious truth of to-day burns bright as a beacon over midnight seas: for them the religious life of to-day shines serenely as the summer sky, and ancient theology only stains its brilliance with unavailing imagery.

It were well if all could see the same full vision; it were well if all could see so clearly the features of the coming kingdom, which is the Christian's supreme ideal. When we permit ourselves to be harassed by questionings, when we are weary with perplexities, when obstinate doubts cast a shadow and a gloom over our hearts, we may take a lesson from this impetuosity of youth to put all these matters of interpretation on one side, and live in the Great Reality, as though thought were not; live and move in God, as children in the sunshine enjoying the presence of Him who liveth for ever, and forgetting our poor explanations so long since dead. Rather than suffer a byegone theology to become a source of pain and agony which paralyse effort it is better simply to dismiss it as a dead useless thing, and start afresh with the present inspiration which we do not understand, but nevertheless possess, content, instead of wasting our time in burying the dead, to preach the ever living Ideal. But instead of doing this we ransack and spoil old chests which contain the mouldering bones of the dead; instead of going out into the sunlight of the open field where birds sing and flowers blow to perfume, we meditate among the tombs of our dead thoughts, persuading ourselves that no bereavement is as bitter as ours, that our loss of faith is a calamity beyond anything that mortal man has ever suffered. This habit of mind grows to be an affectation against which it is time to protest. It has become fashionable to exploit our "storm and stress" period, to plume ourselves with our doubts, to pride ourselves on the intense interest of our remarkable spiritual biography. We do not bury our dead thoughts, we keep them on view, and are perpetually fingering them and pointing them out to every passer-by. We have yet to learn to go through the world, living by what we know, not by what we suspect, by the certainties that remain, not by the doubt that can never be settled. We are not particularly great or heroic because we have swung loose from old orthodox moorings. That is no great feat. The skill, the courage, the adventure and the stinging joy of life, come in when we have learnt, not merely to cast away old moorings but to sail eagerly over unknown seas, knowing with a deep undaunted trust that He who cuts for the stars an eternal pathway, will guide human life into a sure haven.

Nor is it enough to resist the temptation of dwelling with our own dead thoughts, we must also not concern ourselves to bury our neighbour's. It is doubtless an interesting if somewhat unsavoury proceeding to hold a post-mortem examination upon our neighbour's creed. To pry into theological mortuaries and point out why this body died, and why that one ought in reason to have been deceased long ago, and why still others outside show a shocking perversity in continuing alive at all—this is an occupation in which some people seem to spend their lives. May this be no occupation of ours. Let the dead bury their dead—Go thou and preach the kingdom of God. Let us be positive not negative, declare truths rather than denounce errors, reveal Spirit of life rather than spread views, live righteously rather than rail at iniquity, prevail by love rather than conquer by violence. Let us preach the kingdom of God in the spirit of Christ, and darkness shall disappear as night before the approaching dawn.

To-night, I occupy this pulpit for the first time, after having been formally recognised and welcomed as your minister, and this is what I feel more than anything else. If we are ourselves to grow into the spiritual life, if as a church we are to be a spiritual force in this district,

* Preached in the Liscard Concert Hall, at the beginning of his ministry, Sunday evening, August 7.

our goal must be not any merely denominational success, not the herding together of vast numbers of theological malcontents into a cave of Adullam, not the mere destruction of creeds nor playing the gad fly to the orthodox, but rather so to live in private, and in civic, and in religious life, that men may see our good works and glorify our Father. Our separate lives in the home, in the city, our corporate life as members of one body in Christ, must be a prayer incarnate—"Thy kingdom come." From one point of view, there is nothing miraculous about the coming of the kingdom. It comes by virtue of the ordinary humdrum labour of the day; it comes by Act of Parliament, by a wise expenditure of the rates, by honest commerce, and honourable trade; by a true administration of justice, by far-sighted local and imperial government; it comes through the agency of all that is pure and good in social, industrial, and political life. But more than thus it comes by virtue of the sanctities of the home, through the affection and self-sacrifice that maintain the family life, through the careful training of children, through the love of brother and sister, husband and wife, through that life which is rich in friendships and constant in service of the brethren. It comes through the sweetness of patient suffering, through the sympathy that waits on sickness, through the self-denial that ministers daily to the joy and comfort of many who are afflicted and troubled, through living far into and for each other. But more than all, the kingdom of God comes not with observation, but supernaturally, invisibly, by our living supernaturally, spritually in the unseen world.

There is an inward life with God, a life of prayer, of secret communion with the Highest, of personal holiness and consecration, and this life proceeds in a calm above the raging disputations of earth. It does not imply permanent retirement from the world, but it does demand frequent temporary withdrawals from the dusty roads of traffic to the sacred peace of lonely mountain sides. It is not the life of the mere mystic and recluse, but it is the life of the devout man who has private personal relations with God, relations into which neither priest nor minister, nor dearest friend may intrude—a life too deep and too holy to be expressed save in the unuttered language of private devotion. By the natural cultivation of this life, by a life of true prayer more than by anything does the light of God spread abroad in the hearts of men and the kingdom become manifest.

The function of a true church is to stimulate and nourish the perfect life in these three aspects—social, domestic, and devotional. It has regard to man as a member of society, as a member of a family, as a Son of God, and of all men as one brotherhood in Christ. No institution, human or Divine, has a higher work than this—a work that touches life throughout at its highest, at its deepest. To this life may we all feel that we are this day consecrated anew, and in the words of Paul—"I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayer to God for me. That I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed. Now the God of Peace be with you all. Amen."

OUR HYMNODY.—I.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory upon the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength because of thine adversaries, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger."—Psalm viii. 1 and 2.

This latter verse Canon Cheyne translates: "With the mouth of little children and sucklings hast thou founded a stronghold, because of thy foes, to still the enemy and the revengeful." It is, he says, one of the Psalmist's riddles, but the "children and sucklings" appear to mean "poor and humble believers" among the people, and the reference is to those who are united in the praise of God. Thus Nehemiah in a time of fear and depression urged the people to rejoice and be of a good courage, because "the joy of the Lord" was their strength. If they would but hold together in rejoicing faith, that would make a stronghold for them, in which they would be defended against their enemies. And so the Psalmist declares that the thanksgiving of a humble people unites them in a stronghold before which their enemies are put to silence.

If this is the right interpretation of the verse, it makes it a good text for what I have to say about the Book of Psalms; for it has been proved again and again in history, through the possession and the use of this book, what strength there is in such thankfulness and united thanksgiving. This little book, a collection of only 150 sacred songs, has been for 2,000 years the most cherished manual of devotion to the people among whom it had its origin—being first of all the hymn-book of their Temple services, after the restoration of Jerusalem, and then for many generations the strength and consolation of a people scattered throughout the world, despised and down-trodden and often subjected to the most cruel and infamous persecutions—but through it all keeping their faith in the God of their fathers, the Eternal of whose righteousness and goodness and compassion there was no end. And, in addition to this, the Book of Psalms has been the possession of the whole Christian world.

Often in the history of the Christian Church, and not least in the history of our own people, the use of these Psalms in united worship has been a source of strength and inspiration, and has, indeed, made a stronghold for the people against their enemies.

Think for a moment how we should be affected by such a collection of sacred songs, if during these last two thousand years they had been unknown to the world, and had had no place in the history and literature of our people, but now for the first time should be read from an ancient manuscript, discovered amid other buried treasures in the East. Read through some of the choicest passages, and what you hear, in many different forms of utterance, and in the tones of different generations, is the voice of a people who trust in God. They have found that the heavens and the earth declare His glory and the greatness of His power; they rejoice in the wonder and the beauty of His works, and reverently bow before the mysteries of His providence. They have come to understand that their own true life is in righteousness, in obedience to the holy law, which is the token of a Divine presence with them in the world and in the secret places of their own heart. They trust in the Supreme goodness, the mercy that endures for ever, the Divine compassion as of a father for his children, the gentle leading of the shepherd of his people, and they are confident that it must be well with those who are obedient and quietly commit their way to Him. The utterance is not only in general ascriptions of praise and confessions of faith, there are the outpourings of individual trust and thankfulness and rejoicing, and of individual penitence, the confessions of need, and the prayer for renewal of the better life. It is a genuine obedience of the heart and an inward purity that are here confessed as the chief need, in words which have met with quick response from the human heart in every generation.

The Psalms, as I have said, formed originally the hymn-book of the second temple. They were produced and gathered up into their present collection during the 300 years which followed the return of the Jews from captivity in Babylon and the rebuilding of Jerusalem. Later in time than the works of the great prophets, they belong to a period of political insignificance and repeated trials of the most grievous sort. But they are proof of how the religious spirit of the people was tested and not found wanting. After another hundred years of this same people Jesus of Nazareth was born, and with the new life of his disciples was carried also this ancient treasure to all the nations of the earth. And, indeed, we cannot wonder at the place the Psalms have held in the religious life of the world, for in beautiful and touching words they give utterance to the deepest needs of the human heart and thankfully confess where the satisfaction of those needs is found.

There are, no doubt, in many of the Psalms thoughts and traits of temper with which we can have little sympathy, narrow thoughts of national exclusiveness and of imperfect understanding of the methods of Divine providence, and a cruel and vindictive temper towards enemies from which we turn with a shudder or weary disappointment. But the elements of truth and beauty cannot be destroyed by any such remnants of ignorance or barbarism. Traces of these we should expect in such records of a growing religious life, just as any collection of our own hymns of the last 300 years could not be free from blemishes, though of a different kind. But, happily, we have learnt simply to set aside that which is false and thankfully to accept and use all that is beautiful and good.

For over two thousand years the Book of Psalms has been the treasured possession of the Jews, and during the whole history of Christendom, in every civilised nation, and often in nations not civilised, but groping their way to the clearer light, devout hearts have been linked together by this golden chain of praise—the same aspirations and the same thanksgivings rising continuously through the ages to the Giver of all Good.

It should never be forgotten that the Old Testament was the only Bible that the first Christians had, and of those sacred records none could be more precious to them than the Book of Psalms. In times of trial and persecution they were strengthened by those utterances of con-

fidence in the Eternal and joyful submission to His righteous will, which would speak to them with yet deeper meaning from what they had learnt from Jesus of the heavenly Father's purpose in their life. And the songs of praise and thankfulness would rise with a new fervour from hearts which had been led into a fuller knowledge of the universal love of God and a better understanding of human brotherhood.

The hymn, which the Gospels tell us Jesus sang with his disciples after their last supper together, was one of the Psalms used by the Jews at their Passover from that time to this; and so the custom of singing those ancient hymns in meetings for united worship passed naturally from the Jewish to the Christian communities, and from the earliest days has been the strength and the delight of the Christian Church.

There is a passage of great interest in the Confessions of Augustine, which describes how as a young man he was at Milan, and the Bishop Ambrose was threatened by an heretical Empress. Then the people watched day and night with their bishop in the great cathedral, and lest they should grow weary or discouraged, they united in the singing of Psalms, after the custom lately introduced into Italy from the Churches of the East. That is one instance among many in the history of those centuries, showing how the faithful found a stronghold in those ancient hymns—how in the united chanting of the words of confidence or supplication they kept their hold on a great purpose and an undaunted faith, feeling their bond unbroken with the faithful of many generations, and with the God in whom they trusted. So the light would shine for them in darkness, and their courage would be renewed even in face of violence and death.

When that other Augustine came with his band of monks to this country thirteen centuries ago to Christianise our Saxon forefathers, one of the chief instruments by which the fearless missionaries impressed the people was their reverent chanting of the Psalms and Litanies of the Church. And from that time to the present day this voice of praise has not been silent.

In the old Catholic days it was, of course, the Latin Psalms that were sung in all the churches, but with the Reformation a new instrument was found, by which the Psalms might once more be understood and sung by the common people. Early in Elizabeth's reign an English version was produced, in a common metre easy to be sung, and this at once took a strong hold on the reforming party. In Germany, Luther himself was poet and musician as well as reformer, and had about him friends who also had the gift of song, and understood what hymns might do for the instruction and inspiration of the people. Thus they produced a large body of original songs, which rendered incalculable service in strengthening the popular movement.

But our fugitive Reformers, when they came back from Geneva at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, brought with them the custom indeed of singing the Psalms in metre, but also the rule of Calvin that nothing but versions of Scripture should be sung in the Church—which meant practically nothing but metrical Psalms.

So it came that for 150 years the only hymn-book of the English Church was the Old Version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins and others; while among Dissenters, when they arose, although other versions were used, it was still almost exclusively metrical Psalms that were sung, until early in the eighteenth century Isaac Watts fully established a better way.

Of that Old Version of the Psalms I will speak only with honour. Much ridicule has been cast upon it, and it has been subjected to much criticism, a great part of it just enough. And yet I say it is to be held in honour.

It may be rude in form, the verses often halting and the rhyme as bad as possible, *but it belongs to the history of the English people.* When it first came into use it was sung with enthusiasm by thousands gathered about St. Paul's cross, and soon in many churches in London and throughout the country. The people were then reading the Bible for themselves and hearing it read in their mother-tongue, and now through the measured lines of this version *they could sing together* the great words of faith and thankfulness. Even line by line, as it was given out to the people without books, the singing, where there was the earnestness of the newly-awakened life, would be a delight and a veritable act of worship.

How pleasant is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts to me,
The tabernacles of thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be.
My soul doth long full sore to go
Into thy courts abroad,
My heart and flesh cry out also
For thee, the living God.

For God, the Lord, light and defence
Will grace and glory give:
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that purely live.
O Lord of hosts, that man is blest
And happy sure is he
That is persuaded in his breast
To trust all times in thee.

And again:

How perfect is the law of God,
His covenant is sure,
Converting souls and making wise
The simple and obscure.
The fear of God is excellent,
And ever doth endure:
The judgments of the Lord also
Most righteous are and pure.

And it was not only in the early Reformation days that these metrical Psalms were a living force. They made their way into the homes of the people and the more familiar Psalms were often known by heart. In the time of the Puritan conflict other versions also were produced, and we can understand how among a people who felt their cause to be the cause of righteousness and God, even on the battle field or in the camp, all the strength of a brave and earnest manhood could be thrown into the singing of such lines as these:—

The angel of the Lord doth pitch
His tents in every place,
To save all such as do him fear,
That nothing them deface.
Taste and consider well therefore
That God is good and just,
O happy man that maketh him
His only stay and trust.

Or in a fiercer mood:—

Destroy their false conspiracies
That they may come to nought:
Subvert them in their heaps of sin,
Who have rebellion wrought.
But those that put their trust in thee,
Let them be glad always,
And render thanks for thy defence
And give thy name the praise.
For thou with favour wilt increase
The just and righteous still:
And with thy grace as with a shield,
Defend him from all ill.

These which I have quoted are some of the stronger lines in the Old Version, and it cannot be denied that there are many awkward verses and very queer expressions, trying to the gravity of a more self-conscious age. But when this came to be felt too strongly, and both the Old Version and the later version of Tate and Brady—more elegant, but also more vapid—had become impossible for habitual and exclusive use, a new body of English hymns had been produced—having got their first inspiration from the Psalms, but taking a freer flight in every region of religious experience—while at the same time the churches were able to return to the chanting of the Psalms themselves in their original form, as rendered in sterling English prose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.* LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME; *and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.*]

DR. A. R. WALLACE AND VACCINATION.

SIR,—There are some points in Mr. Lummis's review of Dr. Wallace's "The Wonderful Century," which, I think, will be read with surprise by many readers of THE INQUIRER beside myself. Mr. Lummis rightly says vaccination is burning ground, and I do not wish to open a controversy upon it in your columns; but, I think, I may fairly ask permission to show why I do not think Dr. Wallace is a trustworthy guide. Dr. Wallace is a curious instance of a scientific man who is capable of exhibiting a very unscientific state of mind, and the credulity he exhibited in his earlier book on "Modern Miracles" ought to put one on one's guard against accepting his authority upon any subject in which his prejudices are manifestly all on one side. His defence of Phrenology is another instance of the same kind.

Dr. Wallace's pamphlet on "Vaccination a Delusion," which is apparently the same as the article referred to by Mr. Lummis, is scientific in appearance only, and, to my mind, is only an exhibition of prejudice, and this I can show without a single word about Vaccination itself, which we will imagine to be an open question. Dr. Wallace begins by denouncing the "ignorance and incompetence displayed by the Royal Commission." When we consider the scientific eminence of some of the men who composed the Commission and the judicial qualifications of others, Dr. Wallace does not commend his own case by accusing them of ignorance and incompetence. At least they were as well informed and as competent to weigh evidence as Dr. Wallace himself.

In his first paragraph Dr. Wallace most unscientifically describes zymotic diseases as "self-created," from which we should infer that he means that under certain conditions these diseases will arise spontaneously, though in the same sentence he

contradicts himself by saying they arise from infection, which is true. That is, they are never known to occur except when they arise from pre-existing cases, and are by some means imported into a new field.

Dr. Wallace calls all zymotic diseases "filth diseases," though he properly distinguishes two classes—those, such as cholera, typhus and enteric fever, which are diffused by the pollution of water, and those, such as scarlet fever, measles and small-pox, which are diffused by contact or by infected air; these latter are not "filth diseases," though they are often called so by unscientific people. It is important to bear this distinction in mind, for over this exanthematous class of zymotic diseases sanitation exerts no direct influence, and its indirect influence is apparently very little.

The important bearing of this distinction altogether destroys the force of the assertion, "that wherever small-pox seems to have diminished *pari passu* with an increase of vaccination, the other zymotics have also decreased, and a true cause for the decrease of both is always to be found in sanitary improvement." This is not true, and Dr. Wallace's first diagram shows it is not true. During the whole of this century small-pox has declined out of all proportion to the other zymotics, and if Mr. Lummis will refer to the diagram he will see it is so. A hundred years ago the average annual death-rate in London from small-pox was equal to nearly 3,000 to the 1,000,000 persons living—it is now practically nil. The death-rate from the other zymotics was rather higher than that of small-pox, but from 1840 to 1870, when small-pox fell to considerably below 1,000, the others *rose* to an average of nearly 4,000, and even since the disappearance of cholera in England an average of about 2,000 has still been maintained—which certainly points to the conclusion, as the Royal Commissioners said, that there has been an influence at work in the case of small-pox which has not been at work in the other cases. However this may be explained, I repeat it is not true that there has been an equal diminution in all zymotics.

I am also surprised that Mr. Lummis should join in the cry against the doctors and accuse them of bigotry, &c. I have a pretty extensive acquaintance amongst medical men and I have found them invariably tolerant, liberal-minded, generous and far less bigoted than their assailants. In the matter of vaccination they are not bigoted but convinced, but the profession as a whole has kept out of the controversy and the defence has been left to a few. It was the representatives of the medical profession in the House of Commons who pleaded for the recognition of the "Conscientious objector" against the proposals of the President of the Local Government Board.

In the immediate future, as a consequence of the new Vaccination Act, an immense responsibility is thrown upon local authorities—a responsibility which I am afraid many do not recognise and for which they are unprepared. I am convinced it is a folly to suppose that small-pox is to be exorcised by sanitation. The only means left to contend against it, in the absence of vaccination, when it appears, are the rigorous enforcement of the Notification Acts, isolation and quarantine. These will have to be enforced by the local authorities backed up, if necessary, by the policeman and the magistrate. The cry of interference with liberty is out of place. An epidemic of an infectious disease is a public calamity, and the legislature and the local authority must take what measures seem to them necessary to prevent it or to stamp it out when one occurs, regardless of private likes or dislikes. The public safety is the supreme law. Walter Lloyd.

Gloucester, Aug. 15.

OBITUARY.

MR. SIDNEY PRICE.

The Horsham congregation have sustained a severe loss by the death of Mr. Price, which took place at his residence in West-street, on the morning of Sunday, August 7.

Coming to the town as a young man, he at once identified himself with the congregation meeting in the Worthing-road Chapel, and in 1858 became its secretary; this office he held during the rest of his life—a period of forty years. One of his early entries in the minute books seems to strike the key-note of much of his work among us, and runs:—

1860. "It is a matter worthy of consideration whether any steps can be taken to increase the number of members entered upon our books, or in any way improve the organisation of our church; the present time, when we are again about to come under the influence of a settled minister, affords a fitting opportunity for examining our position, and making any alterations which may be found desirable. . . . . I trust we shall all be prepared to give him a cordial welcome, and to continue to him a hearty friendship as long as he may remain with us.

"The past year has been one giving occasion for an unusual degree of activity among Dissenters; the near success of the promoters of religious freedom having startled the opponents of change into an unwonted vigour, it became necessary for us to show that we are as earnest in our demand for a just equality of rights as ever, and that with us it is a matter of consequence to protest against the assumption of spiritual authority by the State."

It is given to few to carry the ideals of their youth to so perfect a completion as this our revered friend did; few, who in youth are willing and ready for progress, carry into old age such open-eyed faith in new developments; and the successive ministers who have occupied our pulpit will, in the main, recognise the mental attitude of the second paragraph as perfectly familiar. His interest in Nonconformist principles was always fresh; he was amongst the few now living in our town who had his goods seized for resisting the compulsory Church rate; and it shows how entirely his public attitude was separated from any personal animosity that shortly after it had been bought in, around the very table that had been seized, the vicar and other leading churchmen were consulting with him about a sacred concert shortly to be held in the town.

The love of music was another leading passion of his life; both in our own church and in many other directions in the town he did his utmost for its improvement and development, and at one time was conductor of a musical society.

He is said to have been longer in business than any other tradesman in the town; and the nature of his occupation—that of printer, bookbinder and bookseller—was very congenial to his tastes; throwing him into contact with those intellectual pursuits which were so dear to him; his delight in discovering a new author, or a clever article, remained with him until his last illness; and the pleasure was enhanced when the article chanced to be in the columns of The Inquirer, or our own denomination could fairly claim to have influenced the thought of the author.

For many years he was superintendent of the Sunday-school, and his retirement from this office in 1889 was marked by the presentation of an illuminated address from the teachers; and a desk, in recognition of his long and devoted labours as secretary, from the congregation; the library received his steady help; for many years the Clothing Club was managed by him; he approved and assisted the starting of the gymnasium; and the Museum Society received his quiet support.

Many tributes gathered round his quiet, unostentatious life; from young and old testimonies, mostly unconscious, have been given to the high regard in which he was held, and the influence for good he exerted amongst us. That we must miss his genial presence, his wise counsel, his friendly appreciation, his fine grasp and discernment of underlying principles, his growing and deepening faith in all that was good and true, is a matter of regret, proportioned to our knowledge of his high character, and his sweetness of temperament. Such lives as his help us to realise more fully the truth of the words of one of his favourite authors:—

O let us trust with holy men of old
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit waiting to be freed
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed
Not "Finis," but "the End of Volume First."

MR. T. WALTON GILLIBRAND.

Mr. T. Walton Gillibrand, who died at his residence, Holly Bank, Bowdon, Cheshire, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., was the elder son of Mr. Philip Gillibrand, of the firm of Bannerman and Sons, Manchester, a trustee of Cross-street Chapel. The deceased gentleman had a life-long connection with Manchester business as a chartered accountant, but was more widely known for his devotion to music and Fine Art, as an accomplished critic, and a friend of actors, artists, and authors. He was generally a member of the Hanging Committee of the Manchester Autumn Exhibition, and had much to do with the charming exhibitions of the works of particular artists for which the Brazennose Club has been famous. Music he knew, not only as an Art but as a literature; not only as a performer but as an unwearied student of accurate memory and fastidious taste. He had a quite scholarly knowledge of the best English writers; and with books as with music. Probably few of those who were delighted with his trenchant criticism of some modern authors and composers knew how well grounded he was in the knowledge that justifies criticism. In music, drama, fiction, poetry, painting, and, we may add, religion, he had

a keen instinct for the detection of the *false note*; and in him æsthetic criticism constantly assumed the force of moral protest.

While a large circle of friends regret the loss of a most interesting and entertaining companion, there are many also who think of him with gratitude for kind offices simply and generously rendered. He was not one of those to whom "business is business and charity is charity." He was always helping people "in the way of his business" with just the sort of assistance and counsel which his business qualifications enabled him to give them.

A painful and lingering illness confined him almost entirely to his home during the last three years of his life. The patience with which he bore the distressing vicissitudes of his disease; the gentleness and sweetness which matured his character throughout his long waiting for the end, will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be occasionally with him, and remain, as a precious treasure of memory, to those who most deeply mourn his loss.

It is characteristic of that kind of patriotism in which Manchester enlists the hearts of those who live most in the midst of her busy and multifarious life that just before his death he was heard to murmur to himself the words of St. Paul —"A citizen of no mean city."

MR CORNELIUS TINWORTH.

The General Baptist congregation at Saffron Walden has suffered a grievous loss in the death, on August 4, after a very short illness, of Mr. Cornelius Tinworth. Since his settlement at Saffron Walden in 1875, he had been closely identified with the chapel, soon joining the Committee, becoming a Church member, and acting as Warden, &c. Just before the fatal seizure he had been actively engaged in preparations for the anniversary services. He was a man of fervent piety, true, reliable, and solid. His interest in and love for our cause was most marked. He was ever ready to serve, not waiting to be asked. From principle he gave one-tenth of all he obtained to religious uses. For thirty-four years Mr. Tinworth was in the employ of the late Mr. J. L. Taylor, of Farmedine, and was much respected by the family. Previously he had been in the service of Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End. At the funeral on the 10th there were many manifestations of respect for his memory. On the following Sunday evening a memorial service was held in the chapel, conducted by the Rev. J. A. Brinkworth, who preached from John xi. 11, "Our friend is fallen asleep." Special hymns were sung.

Georg Ebers, whose death was recently announced, at his country house on Lake Starnberg, south of Munich, had been for years a confirmed invalid. Born at Berlin in 1837, he studied first at Göttingen, and afterwards in the University of his native city, where under the influence of Brugsch and Lepsius he devoted himself especially to Egyptian antiquities. In 1869 he undertook a journey of research in Egypt and Nubia, and again in 1872, when he brought home to Leipzic, where he had received a University appointment, a papyrus which he had found at Thebes, and which now bears his name. But while his achievements in scholarship and research were by no means inconsiderable, he was far more widely known, and not in his own country only, as a popular novelist. His "Egyptian Princess" was published in 1864, and at once established his reputation as a wonderfully vivid and poetical writer. Other stories followed, after his Egyptian journeys, "Uarda" in 1877 and "Homo Sum" in the following year. When failing health interfered with the more arduous pursuit of his studies, he found a solace in novel-writing, taking his subjects not only from Ancient Egypt but also from mediæval Germany.

THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

OUR LAKE-LAND HOLIDAY.—V.

Let me see, last week we left off troubled about "Jack" and his 500 invitations for lunch. Well, like a good many of this world's troubles, it proved an imaginary one, and once more we are reminded of an old saying, "Never meet trouble half way." "Jack" has certainly "taken in" the situation, and also as many proffered lunches as a wise little dog may safely take.

"All ready?" Come along then, for we have still a long way to go, but before we leave our camping ground, just give it a glance and tell me what occurs to you. "It looks rather messy and untidy" you say. That is just what I wanted to draw your attention to, so please all hands set to work and gather up the waste paper and bits of refuse and we will bury them under this big stone where they can offend no one's eyes. A garden of Eden would look untidy and uninviting if a party had camped there and left their waste paper and empty tins and bottles and so on lying about; so please, dear children, in your rambles take care to escape this fault. Indeed, I should like you to go a step farther than this, and when you see rare wild flowers or ferns growing, don't gather every specimen, or (what is worse still) dig them all up and remove them. Help yourself certainly, but help yourselves as little ladies and gentlemen should do—with thought for those coming after. Please let me give you a further instance where your thoughtfulness may well come in. This time the flower is not rare at all, it may be quite a common one, but it is in an exceptional position. It may be just a few primroses growing on a rock with a little cascade like silver lattice work running down it, or it may be a spray of lovely pink dog roses that springs from the hedge top, and looks like a triumphal arch for the fairy queen to trip under; or it may be only a clump of yellow ragwort that is brightening a bankside; but what a pity to gather any one of them. You take the primroses, and the eye of the picture is gone; you cut down the spray of roses, and the fairy queen dies out of your fancy; you drag down the ragwort—it's only a weed—and the poor, shabby, dusty roadside bit is beggared of its one bright spot. Don't mistake me, children. Gather flowers, gather them in glad profusion, but gather them as if you really *cared* for them. Yes, that is the idea, I think. If you care *about* them, remember to care *for* them.

Dear me, dear me, what a long sermon, and it is only too plain that it was dull as well as long, for I spy one of my congregation, Master Jack to wit, who has curled himself up and gone to sleep.

On we trudge, sometimes by the side of our Beck, as he flows placidly in long quiet reaches, now and again waking suddenly, and hurrying down his stony staircase, perhaps—only "perhaps," mind you—like little somebodies coming down late for breakfast; and sometimes we take our way a few feet up the hill-side, just to avoid the boggy places. Even on the hill-side one is by no means safe from bogs and bogginess, as we see when a little chap comes and exhibits a pair of very wet feet, and wants to know "what he is to do." "What to do," my boy? Why, step out briskly and walk them dry again.

Look at these gnarled and twisted old thorn-trees that sprinkle the slope; how very very old they do look to be sure, and don't they seem to have had "rheumatics" very badly indeed?

See that giant holly-tree? Now just clap your hands smartly, and—Ah! I thought so, out flaps a big black crow—not a rook, mind you. Rooks generally live in colonies and build near houses; but this is a crow, as you may distinguish by his beak, and by his rough, hoarse croak; and, if you please, I am *sure* it is a crow, for some weeks ago I climbed that tree (Mrs. H. V. C. being absent), and inspected the eggs, which, sure enough, were crow's eggs.

How wild and rugged the valley is getting now, as another mile is left behind; hardly any trees or bushes, not much grass or herbage, but plenty of rocks and crags, plenty of places where great patches of loose rocks and stones lie on the slopes. The crevices among these rocks and stones make fine safe hiding-places for the foxes, and they often make for them when hard pressed. A terrier dog was put into this very place some time ago to drive out a fox which had taken refuge, but alas! the poor doggie got fast somehow, and though men came and tried to move away the stones in the direction of his cries, they failed to rescue him, and he died imprisoned there.

Another item of interest, for I observe from your upturned faces that you have heard or seen something skywards.

No, there is neither cat nor kitten overhead, and yet a sound reaches us a good deal like the tremulous mew of a kitten, floating in mid air, if you can imagine such a strange thing. There it is again, plainer this time, and see, circling above that high crag is a great bird with wide-spread wings and short broad tail also fully extended. With a great swoop he nears us, then, checking herself, towers high again, and goes off with a long slide that seems to put him almost half a mile away. That is a buzzard, a species of hawk that breeds in these lonely places, and he is now foraging for his dinner; sailing about, now high, now low, now here, now there, scanning the ground for food, I fancy, for Mrs. Buzzard and Master and Miss Buzzard, who, I know, occupy a commodious but remarkably airy abode, situated on yon crag.

Why there are two little birds, not bigger than sparrows, attacking his majesty! They are flying angrily at him, "mobbing" him as well as two birds can be said to "mob" anything. It is evident that they resent his presence, and, strange to say, he does not return their attacks, but allows himself to be gradually edged away, for a time anyhow.

What is that little girl whispering and smiling about?—"Waste Paper Bas——!"

H. V. C.

The Inquirer.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Inquirer can be had by order of any Newsagent in the United Kingdom, or direct from the Publisher, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. If by post, the prepaid terms are :—

	s.	d.
Per Quarter	1	8
Per Half-Year	3	4
Per Year	6	6

One Shilling per year extra will be charged if credit is taken.

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Advertisements for The Inquirer should be addressed to the Publisher, 3, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C., and should reach the office not later than Twelve o'clock on Thursday, to appear the same week. The scale of charges is as follows :—

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LONDON, AUGUST 20, 1898.

RELIGION IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.

"*Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.*" That is to say, there is joy in this great world of earth and sky in which we live, joy into which we enter most readily in the morning and evening of our days, because these are, taken all together, the most beautiful times, and in that beauty the Divine joy is manifest. God makes the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. The endless but ever-changing glories of sunrise and sunset, the first freshness of the morning and the wonderful quietness of evening, speak to us constantly of Him. We are then, perhaps, more often at leisure from ourselves, to let that calm, pure influence sink into our hearts and waken there the joy of a larger, purer life ; we feel the Divine presence in outward things, filling our whole universe with a gladness and a peace deeper than words can express.

They are happy, who with perfect simplicity of heart are able to give themselves up to companionship with what is beautiful in Nature—a companionship that never troubles, but only touches with friendly, welcome hand, and asks nothing but to help us, and to be loved for the calmness, the strength and joy it brings.

Much of this companionship may be ours, if we reverently and thankfully seek it, even in the midst of town life ; but how much more in the open country, where Nature is supreme. We go out from the places of our work, away from the busy crowds of men, to rest and be refreshed in the solitudes of Nature ; and there how true it is that God maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

On any clear, fresh morning, when the earth has silently emerged from the shadow of night, and once more the glorious sunshine reveals an infinite wealth of beauty in earth and sky, you seem to stand in the midst of a new creation, in which it is a joy to be alive. The pure, fresh air comes with a thrill of pleasure, the trees stand around in silent delight, making the clear sky look more beautiful above. If you are among the mountains, bathed in the morning light, they seem to shout for joy, and the song of innumerable birds does but make vocal the gladness which is in all around. What a world it is, in which to breathe and move! What strength, what clearness of faculty, what ardour of pure affection, what reverent thankfulness, what infinite delight, belong naturally to that glorious habitation! How noble would our manhood be, if with frank and steadfast obedience to God's law, we accepted the spirit, which breathes in such a morning, for our common life ; if there were no meanness, no coarseness, no cruelty, no oppression, no false pride in us, if with simple truth and honour and unselfishness we could live only to make more gladness in that beautiful world.

And as in the morning, so in the evening of a beautiful day there is joy which is of God, but mostly of a calmer sort towards sunset, joy deep and pure, folded in the infinite peace of God.

For now again the world sinks to rest. The eagerness of the long day is past, a great quietness spreads over the fields and the hills, the light is softer, even the sound of many waters has more music in it, blending with the general peace. There is a strange magic in that light of the setting sun, making not only a new world of glory in the heavens, but a new earth as beautiful and yet how different from that of the morning brightness.

To be at rest, to be given up to the delight of that calm beauty, to see the earth free from care, tranquil in the golden light, and then to pass through the glory of the sunset far away into the heavens, to know the freedom of the spirit, the joy of pure unburdened life, the infinite riches of the love of God, which includes all other love, that is the spirit of the evening hour, which enters into humble, thankful hearts.

Most wonderful it is, from some great mountain height to see the sun go down, first glorifying all the earth, and then the quiet night gathering in the valleys far below ; to hear the sounds of active life ceasing one by one, to see the fields of labour and the many clustered homes quiet now ; even while you are still in the pure upper light, to see the shadows fall, and feel how all the earth is folded in God's care. Amid the great silence of the hills there is a presence that searches the heart, that bids a man know his own littleness and the infinite tenderness of God ; and as the shadows deepen and the first pale stars appear, it bids him *rest in God* and have no fear, it bids him only to have faith, to pray that he may be of the pure in heart, to know that God is the Giver of all life, and the Guardian of all.

> "Peace on earth, and goodwill!
> Souls that are gentle and still
> Hear the first music of this
> Far-off, infinite bliss."

They are happiest who feel at home anywhere in the open country, where they can be alone with God, and simply feel that it is beautiful to be alive ; who have such trust in the Goodness at the heart of all this universe and such unclouded joy in all its beauty, that they feel constantly the friendliness of the green earth and the benediction of the heavens above.

We cannot forget, and ought not to to try to forget, the things which are painful and terrible in this world, as in our human life. There are terrors of the Lord in the raging storm of wind and waves, the pitiless rocks, the fiercely sweeping tide, the devastating flood and earthquake, and the fire of scorching heat, where no water is. There are times when men are at the mercy of what seem awful, pitiless powers, when only death can end the struggle. And yet we know of more than death ; there is a faith that conquers ; there is a joy that triumphs even over the tumult of the storm : for *His mercy endureth for ever*, and we can give ourselves, if it cannot be avoided, even to be destroyed on this dear earth (it is but swiftly in one quick struggle what comes to everyone at last) for we have knowledge of Supreme Goodness, and to them that love God, ultimately, in the one far-off Divine event, all things shall be seen to work together for good.

Therefore we should let no thought of terror or danger mar our gladness in the beauty of life here on earth. God maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. We are meant to share in that joy, to be stronger, purer, more faithful, more unselfish, for that beautiful companionship.

The separate things in Nature, which make up all the beauty, if we begin to analyse them into their material parts, cannot speak to us the word we need. Instruction they may often give and lead us to marvel even more at the mystery of creation. But they do not give us the same delight as living Nature. It is not they which make the beauty, but God makes them beautiful. It is the Spirit that breathes in them, the hidden Life, thus made manifest, the harmony of order, the message of Good Will : these touch the life in us, and waken our delight in all the beauty, because there is a unity of life in the Spirit, and we also have our place in the Household of God.

To have perfect delight in Nature, we must first have given ourselves to God. We must know in the silence of

our own heart that we are in His hands, that all we have is His, that in Him we live and move and have our being. Then we can have no fear, because we pray that His will may be done. We cannot go where He is not. And everywhere the glorious strength and beauty, the infinite heavens, the pure fresh air, all that appeals to us and makes us rejoice in Nature, all are His. This is the glorious temple of His praise. This is the beautiful home which for this time our Father gives us, yet opening to us further gates of heaven where there is infinite joy and peace.

The greater part of what we have said in the above article will be found also in the *Liverpool Pulpit* of August, 1895.

THE BROOKLET.

Within a little sheltered dale
Where flowery splendours never fail,
Where Spring is glad, and Summer fair,
And Autumn glories rich and rare,
Where even Winter has a grace,
And comes with genial kindly face—
A humble quiet hut I found
Set in a plot of garden ground.

I came, and saw, and loved the spot,
Made it my own, and murmured not
That in its utter solitude
The human world did ne'er intrude.
The vale was mine, its flowers were fair,
The soul of peace was in the air;
I had my friends—the stars, the sun,
The brook that near my door did run.

And often did I lie and dream
Beside that sparkling babbling stream;
Sun, stars, flowers, birds, and all the rest
I loved, but loved that brooklet best:
As if with life like mine endued,
It had a voice for every mood
Of mirth or sadness, joy or dole,
It was to me a fellow soul.

May came with all her wealth of flowers,
And June with fragrant sleepy hours,
And through July the blinding glare
And parching heat filled all the air;
The sun shot burning arrows down,
The cool green grass grew hot and brown,
The swallows seemed too tired to fly,
And then, ah, me! the stream ran dry.

Perchance it seems a little thing,
The drying of that tiny spring,
But 'twas no little thing to me
To lose its cheering company;
It was a friend, my only one,
Whose voice in every changing tone
Spoke always to my listening ear
Strange prophecies of hope and fear.

A friend! 'twas more; it was the voice
Of my own soul—it did rejoice
As I rejoiced, and when I wept
It murmured low, and as I slept
It made fair dreams for me, and seemed
To sing strange music as I dreamed.
Now there was silence, and to me
Silence was one with misery.

It still is silent, and I lie
Beside its course beneath the sky,
Searching the blank bright blue in vain
For promise of the blessed rain;
Hot pebbles in the brooklet's bed,
Hot air around my aching head,
A hot sun in the cloudless sky,
My stream will evermore be dry.

But no! high up among the trees,
The ghostly rustle of a breeze;
One clear bird-note piped out aloud
To harbinger the thunder cloud;
The darkness grows—a blinding flash!
A moment's pause—and then the crash.
I laugh, I leap; here is the rain;
My stream will flow, speak, sing again.

And now once more I have a voice,
Once more I sing, once more rejoice;
Once more the murmur of the stream
Fills with fair shapes my nightly dream.
The voice I lost I now have found;
My little dell is fairy ground.
Joy courses through my veins like wine,
And still the brooklet's voice is mine.

James Ashcroft Noble.

FROM BELFAST TO THE CAUSEWAY.

North-eastward from the busy Ulster capital our train carries us, down the lough and by the water side. The rattle of ten thousand hammers at the shipyards pursues us as we go, and on this side of the water and on that we see great sea monsters in course of creation, among them the form of that leviathan which is to measure more than seven hundred feet from head to tail—a work such as Belfast loves, the biggest thing of its kind in all the world until Belfast itself shall build a bigger. North-eastward as far as Greenisland, eight miles away, out of the noise at last, at the foot of a range of high hills, looking down over waters that are blue as the sky above us. Down to the right is Carrickfergus, with its square and squat Norman castle, its crumbling ivy-mantled town walls, its dead-alive streets, its faded respectabilities, its rows of empty houses, and its shut-up "Non-Subscribing Unitarian" church. Then we put our engine on at the other end of our train, and hurry away westward, through high-lying, undulating, well-farmed country, with good hills on either side of us; passing Templepatrick; gaining just a glimpse of the quiet wayside meeting-house; and so to Antrim.

Who would have thought that only a century ago this peaceful little town was made the scene of a downright battle with soldiers, planted cannon, charges, retreats, rallyings, all complete—the very churchyard the central point of interest in the turmoil. But read the account of the battle in the little book published some few years back by our Antrim minister, Mr. Smith; and, as you love old Ireland, do not forget to pray that civil dudgeon may never grow so high again.

From Antrim we turn northward. There, in a clearing among lordly trees, is one of our round towers, a tower of stone, well and solidly built and well preserved, some ninety and more feet high, finished off with a conical stone cap. We have just time to start the interminable discussion once more, of the date and origin and purpose of these things: were they pagan or were they Christian? Were they watch-towers, or belfries, or treasure-houses for the churches or monasteries that stood near them? Why did they build the front door ten feet above the ground? If they kept the Communion plate there "for safety" would it not have been safer anywhere else—on the church doorstep, for example—unless, indeed, ancients were as much in the dark as moderns are as to the purpose the tower was to serve?

So to Ballymena. Ballymena breaks the heart of a Unitarian. There's a bright and brisk and prosperous town of some six thousand people; it is a local centre for Mid-Antrim; we have a good church building there; and there's a good manse attached to it. But of a congregation there is scarcely anything at all left. Services are still held at intervals more or less irregular; there is a "Ballymena Committee" in charge of the church and its interests, or at least there is said to be; and our Crumlin minister, Mr. Hall, has done his best to keep the congregation together. But the church has suffered many things and much, and one is inclined to wish for it either a return to healthful and vigorous life, or, if that may not be, then the rest of death.

Ballymoney. Greetings to brother Matts, who has been faithfully labouring in this quiet corner of the vineyard for thirty years.

Then to Coleraine. Have you heard how, while on a visit here a few weeks ago, certain collegians from the South made a very successful failure to capture "the gates of Derry?" No. Well then, you must know that, every 12th of July, we loyalists of the northern towns, in celebration of our victory at the Boyne on a certain July 1, put up street decorations of flowers and drapery and hold processions and make loyal and patriotic speeches; and we sometimes hang some representation of the gates of Derry to the festoons we stretch from side to side of the street. Did not our 'prentice-boys close the gates of Derry against King James's troops? Well, we had put up a device of this kind at Coleraine; and certain young bloods, riding on the top of an omnibus and passing under the "gates," conceived a plan for carrying them off. Just at the right moment student number one was to reach up and seize firm hold of them; number two and number three were to hang on to his legs; the fastenings of the "gates" were to give way; and the trophy was to be theirs. Alas! "the best laid schemes" sometimes "gang agley"; and though the first student got a fair grip and held fast and the other two held on to him, it was the rope that marred the plot; for it failed to break; the three youths were all yanked off into the roadway, one with a broken arm, another with a cut face, the third with a cracked crown; and the North, "strong and true and tender" as ever, smiled and went upon its way.

On to Portrush, beloved of golfers. And, indeed, if anything is needed to add a charm to the practice of the golfer's art and science, it should be found upon these breezy sandhills and slacks, stretching between the dark headland of Ramore and the wave-broken and fantastic chalk cliffs beyond the smooth sands of the bay, full in view of the splendidly rolling deep-blue waters, with the line of little islands, fringed white with breakers, a mile out to sea.

There is a stretch of seven miles or so to the Causeway, and we cover it in a train of open cars, drawn by the ugliest and smokiest and grittiest steam-tram-engine yet invented. Alas! the days of our boasted "First Electric Railway" seem to be over. But an hour does it, and here we are at the Causeway.

Once again, therefore, over these broken columns, now levelled evenly enough to suggest the sett-paving of our streets, now built up into high walls and headlands and "corn stacks"; past the well of pure sweet water; coasting the honeycomb hills; noting how curiously all these pillars, three or four or five or six or seven or eight sided, are nevertheless compactly fitted together; thinking how hard the rock must be that, after who knows how many winters of storm, yet shows edges as sharp as if yesterday had chiselled them; peering down into the sea-weedy depths of clear water; looking away, along the cliffs, toward the Chimneys and Pleaskin; and wondering what the scene can have been like when first the white-hot mass of rock-stuff came boiling up from deepest depths of earth to spread out under the sea and along the shore, and cool and shrink and split up "like starch," and make this high track through the waters for Fin Macoul and his brother giants.

But the Causeway is not for everybody. "*Mon Dieu!*" said Thackeray, when he saw it, "and have I travelled a hundred and fifty miles to see *that!*" It was a bold thing, even in the giant Thackeray, so to fling down his glove before the giant of the Causeway. But when a man feels as bad as *he* did, after his rough experiences by sea and land, one must not remember against him the strong language in which his spirit seeks relief. Thackeray had been unwise enough, instead of engaging one guide, to try to fight off a score of them; he thought the specimens they offered him were a fraud, which they are not; it is only the flint arrow-heads that are bogus; he had paid ten shillings for a boat, and ten minutes afterward would have paid ten pounds to be out of it; unsympathetic boatmen had watched him "grow paler and paler"; he was drenched with spray; and when at last he had sprung ashore he had slipped and fallen and spoiled his new overcoat. "I wish I were in Pall Mall," he said. Afterwards, however, something of the impressiveness of the Causeway seems to have come home to him.

But for some of us at least the old words are here made to come true: "The more thou seest the more thou shalt wonder." As for the guides, well, perhaps your man *is* rather a bore; you don't want him; he does not really help you; he knows nothing of the things you would like to ask about; he points out to you the "giant's grandmother" and the like, and you wish he wouldn't; and you suspect that his impromptu witticisms are doing duty now for the five-thousandth time. But "the way of least resistance" is often the best way after all; you will probably find your man human, if you try him; more than that, a pleasant fellow too; and what *does* it matter though other people have already laughed at the story that pleases *you?* So laugh at this, as I did. My guide told me that recently he had been showing round a party of Americans, and looking up towards the towering cliffs that stand about the semi-circular bay of Portnoffer, one of the gentlemen had "'lowed that it was like Niagara," but that it failed in this: there was no water coming down. "Ah," said my boy, "you come here when the winter storms are on, and I'll show you the water going *up*. Whaur's your Niagara noo?"

DOUGLAS WALMSLEY.

LITERATURE.

"INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY."*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

IN the second part of their work on "Industrial Democracy" Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb give an exhaustive account "of the methods used, the regulations imposed, and the policy followed by trade unions." The method of mutual insurance, under which men in work subscribe to a fund wherewith to pay an allowance to men out of work, is the simplest form of action; and also one of the most effective in trades where every workman joins the union. No overt collective action is taken; but if their regulations are not observed a workman is withdrawn every week, and if his place can be filled only by another member of the union, employers before long have to give way. More important is the method of "collective bargaining"—to use the admirable term which we owe to Mrs. Webb. A "shop club" can make a bargain for its members with their employer; next, the trade in any town can be organised for similar action; finally, the trade throughout the whole kingdom. To such an extent does this now prevail that a very small proportion of the country's industry is paid for in accordance with individual merit, as estimated in a bargain between the employer and the workman concerned. In many industries where the trade union embraces comparatively few of those employed, it is, nevertheless, the bargain made by the union for its own members which regulates the remuneration for the whole trade.

Now "negotiation" is itself a craft; and to be a "practical man," competent to negotiate to best advantage, it should be learned like any other trade; and so a large union, which employs salaried officials who give their whole time to its interest, furnishes great advantages over a committee composed of men spending fifty or sixty hours a week in physical toil, perhaps in some narrow groove. A distinction of supreme importance is the difference between making a new bargain and interpreting the terms of one already agreed on. Disputes which come under the latter head—and, of course, those are far the most numerous—can best be arranged by a professional agent on either side, with reference, if necessary, to the arbitration of a competent umpire. Arbitration is comparatively ineffective when the terms of a really new agreement have to be settled. For that, the large employers themselves and the plenipotentiaries of the workpeople must meet face to face and fight it out. It is a real trial of strength; it is best conducted, with all courtesy and good nature, by those who know best the actual strength behind the propositions they set forth. But large employers cannot be expected to give their time to deciding the small questions of interpretation that are perpetually cropping up; and, for other reasons, especially limited knowledge of similar cases elsewhere, the aggrieved workman is likely to be a worse interpreter of a bargain than his professional representative. The cotton industry furnishes admirable illustrations of how to settle both classes of disputes. Thus the way has been prepared for the recommendation signed by the Duke of Devonshire, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Labour—namely, that Trade Unions and Employers' Associations should be encouraged to become corporations, authorised to conclude collective bargains for all their members, with legal powers to enforce the observance of the decision on their members and recover damages for the infringement of agreements. The power of law being thus invoked, provision for the interest of the whole community could be made, and the terms of no collective bargain recognised if they were prejudicial to the national interests.

Under the head of arbitration the value of a chairman, such as Lord Rosebery in the Coal strike of 1893, is duly pointed out. "So long as Lord Rosebery was willing to go on sitting, it was practically impossible for coal-owners or coal-miners to stop discussing." The good luncheon he provided before the discussion began, and his readiness at the right psychological moment to intervene with a well-chosen form of words, greatly helped to settle the dispute; and it is not difficult to understand why the South Wales coal-owners, who at the present time are determined to make no concessions, are equally resolved to recognise no impartial chairman. Compulsory arbitration is, of course, the legal settlement of wages. It seems to have worked well in some instances in New Zealand, but is hardly within the range of English practical politics at present. In certain industries, notably coal-mining, on which so many other industries depend, it is likely to be the next thing that will have to be discussed. The sphere of legal enactment was for a long while continually narrowed by the adoption of the principle of *laissez faire*, but the last half-century has seen it rapidly extended by numerous Factory, Mines, and Shipping Acts. Only cotton and coal have developed Trade Union machinery for seeking legislative action, the limitation of hours and precautions for safety, not a rate of wages, being their aim.

Under the head of the Standard Rate our book clearly explains why some trades insist on payment for piecework and others on payment by time. In either case the aim is the same—namely, to secure equal remuneration for equal effort. The Lancashire cotton operative has to follow machinery, and is at the mercy of the rate at which this is driven. If he were paid by the hour, he would be liable to be forced by "speeding up" to constantly greater exertion for the same pay. Paid by the piece, he has received his share of profit from the increased speed adopted, and skill required, of recent years. In coal-mining, piecework is demanded to prevent the "Butties"—the small sub-contractors—sweating the workmen in their gangs. On the other hand, the engineers object to piecework as practically involving a return to individual bargaining, the work they are required to do being too diverse for collective rates; and the same applies to the building trades. But a majority of Trade Unionists either insist on or are willing to accept piecework; while sub-contractors, who work with and can drive on their men, have a tendency to prefer time-work. Trade Union policy does not seek uniform wages, even for time-work. It only insists on a minimum, and this is allowed to vary

* "Industrial Democracy." By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. Longmans, 1897. 2 vols. 25s. net. For the first notice of this book *see* INQUIRER of May 7.

greatly in different localities. Some notice is taken of attempts made by a few societies, such as the Bricklayers', to limit the amount of work done in a given time; but these instances of "folly and perversity" are regarded as most exceptional and fast disappearing. Moreover, the workman has a genuine right to take precautions against the efforts that are constantly made to get more work out of him for the same pay.

We must pass over a chapter on the Normal Day, where the Trade Union view of the Eight-hour question is discussed, and come to the next chapter dealing with Sanitation and Safety. This was written before the passing of the recent Employers' Liability Act, and is chiefly remarkable for entirely abandoning the idea that careless employers should be coerced into taking greater precautions for the safety of their workpeople by being liable for damages from which more careful employers would be exempt. The practice of insurance would render this penalty almost valueless; it is an antiquated method of securing safety, and should be superseded by proper legal regulations. The interest of the injured workman is to receive compensation promptly, and without having to take any legal action against his employers. In a note, the provisions of the present Act are generally approved, as far as they go; but our authors think that a better plan would be for the State to pay compensation for all accidents, however caused; and, in a light-hearted way, they suggest that the expense might be defrayed by an additional threepence in the pound on the Income-tax.

Our readers must turn to the book itself to see what it says on New Processes and Machinery, and on a closely-connected subject—Continuity of Employment. In discussing the entrance to a trade, the breakdown of the apprenticeship system is noted, especially as a device for restricting the number of journeymen in all save a few comparatively unimportant trades. Under the head of the Implications of Trade Unionism, we learn in what respects Trade Unions, act as friendly societies, and how they possess a peculiar legal status which is a sort of charter of their existence. They have no collective legal responsibility. They cannot be sued for damages by an aggrieved employer, or even by one of their own members; and this position, anomalous as it is, seems essential to prevent the societies from being harassed by proceedings which would soon compel their executives to become secret conspiracies. The questions of home work, of work under small masters, of sick and burial clubs managed and supported by employers, of schemes for profit-sharing, and of employment under the State or Municipalities, are all considered from the point of view of the fundamental aim of Trade Unionism. This is to raise the condition of a whole class, not to aid a few favoured individuals to escape out of their own class into one above it. Much that has seemed strange is intelligible enough when this is clearly understood.

The last question dealt with in this second part is the relation between the doctrine of Vested Interests, of Supply and Demand, and of a Living Wage, representing respectively Conservatism, Individualism, and Collectivism. Each of these three elements finds an important place in Trade Unionism, and has its share in the making of Social Democracy. They are, in fact, three forces as permanent as human nature, and though one or other may be most prominent for a time under the circumstances of the case, there is little likelihood of any one being finally expelled as a factor in the determination of the problem. Nor should we for a moment desire this. What we may hope for is the gradual Christianising of the whole problem, beginning with a rendering unto Cæsar of the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God of the things which are God's, and passing on to final unity and order in the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

H. Shaen Solly.

DR. HICKS ON RECENT BRITISH PHILOSOPHY.

The new edition of Ueberweg's classical "History of Philosophy," edited by Professor Heinze, is greatly enhanced in value and completeness by the addition of special descriptions, written by competent scholars, of the recent philosophical activity in all the chief intellectual nations of the world. Decidedly the most elaborate and valuable of these contributions is the account of recent English philosophical literature by Dr. G. Dawes Hicks. The modern part of this edition of Ueberweg's great history fills two closely-printed volumes, each consisting of more than 500 pages, and Dr. Hicks's share of the work occupies about ninety pages of the second volume.*

We cannot too warmly express our vivid sense of indebtedness to Dr. Hicks for this important contribution to philosophical literature. It is a work which could not have been achieved without an immense amount of careful and laborious reading; and even this toil would have been largely ineffective had it not been happily conjoined with a remarkable faculty in the writer for seizing upon the chief formative principles of the several philosophical movements of our time, and also with a power of literary expression whereby the necessary compression and brevity are combined in a striking degree with admirable lucidity. We speak from personal experience during the last twelve months when we say that to have this volume with its excellent index at one's elbow, when one is either studying a philosophical treatise or trying one's hand at philosophical composition or criticism, is to have ready access to invaluable help and guidance which we shall look in vain for elsewhere. The summaries of the leading ideas of all British thinkers of any importance during the present century are most interesting and serviceable; but even more serviceable, in our estimation, are the wonderfully complete collections of references to all the treatises and review-articles in which the opinions of the several philosophers have been discussed or criticised.

If the reader wishes to know, for instance, where to turn for Dr. Martineau's strictures on the opinions of J. S. Mill or Mr. H. Spencer; or if, on the other hand, he would like to know what criticism Mr. Spencer or Professor H. Sidgwick have passed on Dr. Martineau's metaphysical or ethical doctrines, he has only to consult Dr. Hicks's section of Ueberweg, and he is at once directed to the required book or to the particular number of the philosophical journal. How immensely valuable such guidance is will be obvious to all who have had any experience in philosophical thinking or writing. For the present, only those who read German can enjoy the great advantages which this volume offers, but we are glad to learn that erelong an English translation will appear; and we feel sure that if the English version of this contribution by Dr. Hicks were printed in a separate form it would receive a hearty welcome among the books most helpful to readers of philosophy.

Our space does not allow us to do more than mention the chief directions of English philosophical speculation which are successively described in Dr. Hicks's pages. After a few luminous introductory sentences depicting in general outline the main features in British speculative thought during the present century, our author opens his exposition with a graphic sketch of Sir William Hamilton's and of Dean Mansel's distinctive views, and dwells especially on that doctrine of the relative and "conditioned" character of all theological thinking, which has since, under the name of Agnosticism, exercised so serious an influence on religious faith, and against which in its extreme form, a host of eminent thinkers, with Dr. Martineau at their head, have so ably and brilliantly contended,

Dr. Hicks then turns to a parallel movement in British philosophy, and with great fulness and clearness describes that older Empirical School—the specially indigenous product of English thought and sentiment—of which James Mill, Bentham, and J. S. Mill are the representative exponents, and which was the dominant philosophy in this country at the time when those of us who have now passed the middle period of life were diligently but painfully cramming our memories with large and partially unintelligible doses of "Mill" and "Bain" as the indispensable condition of University success. Following the course of historical development, Dr. Hicks's exposition now enters a more fascinating and influential field, and introduces its readers to that new and far more potent form of empiricism which, as expounded by Darwin and Spencer and their many able coadjutors, has rendered very much of the older empiricism virtually obsolete, has transferred the chief psychological interest from the experience of the individual to the experience of the race, and treats man and his animal progenitors as but successive links in the same unbroken chain of necessary biological evolution.

The vital bearing of this theory on current ethical and theological ideas is self-evident; and as it is to Dr. Martineau's eloquent and cogent criticism of the more extreme forms of Evolutionism that his philosophic fame is in large measure due, it is only fitting that he and his disciples and co-workers should fill the next picture which Dr. Hicks's very interesting diorama of the successive stages of philosophy in Britain presents to his readers' view. The distinctive features of Dr. Martineau's thought are most skilfully portrayed, and the considerable prominence and space which is given to the exposition of his philosophy in Dr. Hicks's work does justice to the great influence which his ideas have exercised, and are exercising, on both sides of the Atlantic. After

*Friedrich Ueberweg's "Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie der Neuzeit." Zweiter Band: "Nachkantische Systeme und Philosophie der Gegenwart." Berlin. 1897. Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn.

delineating with great clearness and accuracy Dr. Martineau's metaphysical account of the nature and origin of the idea of Cause or Power, and also his "idiopsychological" conception of ethical theory, Dr. Hicks thus sums up his description of Dr. Martineau's philosophical position:—

> On both the metaphysical and the ethical sides we reach the same result. In the act of perception we become aware of Another, and in the act of ethical judgment of a Higher, who gives to us what we feel. The Externality in the first case, the Authority in the last case, the Causality in both cases, each of these is known under exactly the same conditions and renders the same evidence of its validity. The problems of Metaphysics and of Ethics alike find their final solution in *Theology*. The God of Dr. Martineau's theology is transcendent and at the same time immanent in the universe, and while He has delegated to man a measure of personal independence, He yet remains in spiritual relationship and communion with him. (P. 431.)

As Dr. Hicks justly remarks, Dr. Martineau's criticisms in his two great philosophical works are mainly directed against the older and newer forms of the empirical philosophy as represented respectively by Mill and Mr. Herbert Spencer. At the time of the publication of "The Types of Ethical Theory" (1885), and of "A Study of Religion" (1888), that tide of philosophical speculation known as Absolute Idealism or Hegelianism, though it was beginning to flood the lecture-rooms in the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford, and to undermine the old-fashioned philosophical landmarks, had not yet risen to its greatest height. Hence in the historical order the Idealism of Green, Bradley and the two Cairds, naturally follows the exposition of Dr. Martineau's philosophy, and Dr. Hicks's treatise suitably closes with masterly sketches of the respective doctrines of all the leading English Idealists, in the course of which he clearly shows that this Neo-Hegelianism, though it came originally from abroad, has yet become quite naturalised in all English-speaking countries, and has undergone new and important modifications and developments on British soil. We may mention that under this heading of "Critical Idealism" Dr. Hicks gives interesting accounts of S. T. Coleridge and Thomas Carlyle; but we venture to think that it is open to question whether either of these great writers would acknowledge any close affinity between their views and the views of the Hegelian school.

In what we have said of Dr. Hicks's most valuable work we have been obliged to confine ourselves to the more eminent of the thinkers of whom he treats; but it is necessary to add that every English philosophical treatise of any importance that has appeared during the last fifty years receives adequate notice, and that in several cases biographical details are added. Through other writings from Dr. Hicks's pen we learn that his sympathies predominantly go with the Hegelian movement in philosophical thought, but not the least of the many excellencies of this presentation of recent British philosophy is the really surprising success with which Dr. Hicks has aimed to enter into the true spirit of each work, and to represent its significance in the way which would have fully satisfied the author himself. So impartial, indeed, are his expositions, that from this work alone it would be somewhat difficult to say which of the now contending schools of philosophy can claim the honour of counting the minister of Unity Church among its supporters.

Charles B. Upton.

DEAN SPENCE'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.*

Whether anyone really reads straight through a work of this size—about 2,000 large pages—may be questioned. As a rule the "popular" reader is afraid of attacking far less formidable books; on the other hand, the genuine student to whom bulk of material is a boon, provided it be of the right stuff, may well doubt if it be worth while to take much trouble with works designed chiefly to attract the unlearned. To make a clean breast of it, we may confess that it is only with respect to about half the work that we, having read so much, feel able to say anything. Perhaps a further opportunity may arise for dealing with the latter half, which should, indeed, present matter of fresher interest to most readers, since it embraces the history of the Church from the times of Henry VIII. Be that as it may, we are glad to speak very warmly in commendation of the history up to that period, and to testify to the wealth of information it contains, and the evident care that has been expended on its production.

Dr. Spence is an English Churchman of the moderate type; he stands up sturdily for the rights of the English Church as against the claims of Rome; and without unduly pressing the case against those who dissent from her practice and doctrine he loses no chance of drawing attention to the spiritual significance of her prevailing conceptions, the beauty of her architecture, and the dignity of her customs and ritual. In this earlier half of his book he is dealing with subjects which are truly national. Our sympathies as theologians, our judgment as citizens, may be enlisted on different sides as we trace the varied fortunes of Christianity and its professors in times prior to the sixteenth century Reformation; but the Church was till that date the Church of all Englishmen. We follow Dr. Spence with growing interest as he endeavours to build up from their scanty relics the outlines of the Christian institutions in our land before our own stock came into it; and when he magnifies, with no stinted admiration, the work and spirit of the Celtic missionaries who first brought our forefathers under the influence of the Story of the Cross, we share the exultation—it is not less—with which he points out that the Church of England did not wholly, or even greatly, depend on the "mission of Rome," but that an indigenous movement justly meriting the title of splendid, had long existed in these islands before Augustine the monk set foot on the shores of Kent. We are insular enough, also, to notice without growing tired his repeated remarks as to the traces of Saxon independence of the Papal see, and not to be at all impatient when he only reluctantly admits that as England rose to greatness under the Conqueror and his successors the English Church became more and more the Church in England, a branch of the ecclesiastical empire of Rome, whose deputy, and not the wielder of rival powers, sat in the chair of Canterbury. We are quite prepared, therefore, to accept in some measure his contentions, that at the Reformation the National Church only resumed its true position, and that the institutions as they exist to-day are by no means the offspring of a new plant that sprang up in the sixteenth century, but are the lineal representatives of the system of Bede, Alfred, Langton, and Grosseteste.

It is only when that system is split and cross-split in the Reformation times that we become sensible of an injurious limitation by which the national heritage is appropriated to a section only of the religious life of the nation, while others are excluded. That the author is insensible to any injustice here, need not, however, surprise us. Rather we may welcome the broad charity he exhibits; and it is a pleasant duty to thank him for his loyal endeavour to bring before the people such an account of the great men and movements of the past as may quicken them to a livelier sense of the importance of the religious movements of to-day. He has dealt in a sympathetic and lenient mood with representations of different ideals; and even Wilfrid, for instance, the great Romaniser of Anglo-Saxon times, receives the meed of honour he certainly deserves. To come to the other end of the story, so far as we have indicated its limit, Dr. Spence deals very frankly with the case of the monasteries. He is never tired of telling us that monastic institutions, of whose rise he presents a clear, if copious, account, had done their work and were no longer serviceable in the land; nevertheless, accepting Dr. Gasquet's researches as conclusive, he most heartily absolves the monasteries as a whole from the base accusations upon which their suppression was justified to the people, and unsparingly condemns the character of that suppression as a cruel and a wasteful wrong. One thing, however, Dr. Spence cannot away with—namely, "Mariolatry." He points out here and there the stages of the growing cult of the Virgin, and denounces the lengths to which her ardent votaries were led. As regards "transubstantiation," that other cardinal "error" which the Reformation swept away, we must be excused if we confess we cannot so readily see grounds for his satisfaction. The terms in which the Church of England officially defines her conception of the Eucharist are little more intelligible to us than those of the Roman doctrine on the subject. But they seem to satisfy Dr. Spence entirely, and he appears to be in this respect as far from the rationalising of the Broader school as from the special theories of Rome.

These indications may serve as a guide to (or from) the work. As to the manner of the author, we have hinted at a certain tendency to repetition; the earlier chapters also contain several little slips in style which suggest that he had not at that point fully got into his stride. But for a work of this magnitude, involving so many references and dates, we have been very agreeably surprised to note so few defects. The letterpress is presented in the best manner of the celebrated house that publishes the work, and if we except a few rather adventurous pictures inserted to illustrate the earlier periods, the illustrations are wonderfully good. The architectural scenes are generally excel-

* "The Church of England: a History for the People." By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D. Dean of Gloucester. Cassell and Co.

lent; and many of the facsimiles and portraits will be of great value and interest even to those who may prefer to read the works of Stubbs, Green, Froude, and Dixon for themselves to accepting the kindly services of Dr. Spence as purveyor of their remarks and conclusions. In short, the work is one worthy of a cultured and thoughtful writer, who loves his Church, and who has wished to acquaint the general reader with a history too often left to specialists.

W. G. TARRANT.

THE COMING PEOPLE.*

THE name of Mr. Charles F. Dole is not unknown to English readers, and his "Coming People," published in America last autumn, and now issued in England, is a bright and inspiring book. Mr. Dole says in his Introduction, "I am not in any way an optimist by temperament, but quite the reverse. I am accustomed to think of the sad and sterner aspects of life. I know by experience the facts and the moods that tend to make men pessimists and even cynics." But he adds, "I have observed that, while optimism is always challenging and urging us to be consistent and thorough-going in our faith in it, pessimism, on the contrary, can never be consistently applied; but in all the highest moments of life the pessimist must act like an optimist, must face the way of hope and progress, must trust in truth, in duty, in love, and in goodness, as if they were indeed eternal. I have observed that the agnostic cannot remain evenly balanced on the narrow fence of hesitating doubt. He must act and live on one side or the other, toward evil or toward good."

In his first chapter, headed "The Prophecy," Mr. Dole takes as his key-note the words of the third Beatitude, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." He modernises this into, "Blessed, or happy, are the kind people"; or, if you will, "Happy are the true gentlemen and gentlewomen." And Jesus ventures to predict of these gentle people "that they are the coming people. The days will come when the gentle and friendly people will cover and hold the world." Bold as this prediction is, it has been in part fulfilled. "The prophet discerns the lines upon which society must move. . . . In an age of blood and war . . . underneath the outward confusion great seers traced the deeper necessary laws of a nobler life to come. They foresaw a world which should actually have no further use for fighters, or bloody sacrifices, or gorgeous temples and rituals. They foresaw a time when pride, arrogance, cruelty, hate, would be put behind man as so much barbarism." Mr. Dole shows how "in a world once wholly wild, a scene of ceaseless strife and blood, the tame and gentle creatures have won their way and already largely inherit the earth." "So when the first just and friendly man appeared upon the earth, from that day a fatal Waterloo was visible for all the men of pride and fraud and blood. . . . The wild man that had been was strong to destroy, but he was not strong to build and construct. . . . The just and friendly man would weld cities and nations together. . . . Surely the inferior type of man must disappear. Less and less could he meet the conditions of existence. The superior type of man must survive. This was Jesus' prophecy, rising out of the perception of a universal law."

In reviewing the facts and tendencies of modern life, Mr. Dole is by no means blind to the abuses which have to be remedied, the difficulties which have to be overcome. He sees that "there is very much to dishearten us in the conduct of business." His references to American diplomacy (pp. 23-25) are of special interest at the present time. He says:—"We have been trying in the United States, with marvellous success, a new experiment. True, we have not always consistently lived up to the ideal of this higher experiment. We have tried also the opposite kind of experiment, and invariably to our grief and shame, as in the case of the Mexican War. But we have already achieved enough to make a clear object-lesson of the superiority of the higher method. We have had a series of statesmen, who, in their dealings with foreign nations, have ventured to tell the truth, who have not wished to over-reach their neighbours, or to do the weakest nation an injustice. . . . Friendliness, and not aggressiveness, has characterised the most successful acts of our American diplomacy. . . . It is in accordance with this spirit that it has now come to be the settled American policy to adjust all those differences, over which nations once used to fight, by the peaceable method of arbitration. The whole world may be said to be watching our American experiment. Who will deny that the eye of the seer, who foresaw the coming of the new race of the humane and peaceable, caught sight of the trend of a mighty universal law? Is not his prophecy vindicated already by the fact that the mightiest and leading nation of the world, with its seventy millions of people, exists to-day almost without an army, except for a few thousand men to patrol the frontiers of the wilderness?" All this was written and published shortly before the Spanish-American war broke out. How anxiously we have all been watching to see in what fashion America would bear herself in her hour of victory!

In succeeding chapters Mr. Dole deals with other problems. Speaking of "Heroism, or the Iron in the Blood" (Chapter III.), he discusses the question, "What effect long-continued civilisation will have upon the manliness of the race"; expresses "a complete sympathy with the ideal of the virile and forceful man"; and urges that "superb moral courage is the crying need of democracy." He presses home the Divineness of the Universe, and what it ought to mean for all of us; pleads for large views, and points out the futility of short cuts to success. "The Law of Cost" and "The Problem of the Prosperous" (Chapters VII. and VIII.) are admirably discussed. "God is educating man to reality. 'See,' He seems to say by all manner of object lessons, 'how vain unreality is, how unsubstantial is selfishness; on the contrary, how enduring and gracious are truth and love.'" "The man whose face tells the story of the happy life is he whose elastic soul most often responds to grand duties, and carries willing burdens." There is much clear insight also and much happy phrasing of truth in the chapters (IX. and X.) on "The Ideal Democracy" and "Possible Revolution." As "The Motto of Victory"—"simple enough for plain people and children, absolutely reasonable to the thinkers, profoundly religious, imperative to the conscience, and persuasive to enthusiasm"—Mr. Dole proposes this, "*Show us whatever is good for mankind, and we will try to bring it about. Tell us whatever means will bring good, and we are pledged to use them.*"

To sum up, there is very little in the book, either in thought or expression, which does not carry our full assent as we read. Dealing as it does with great problems, it is manly, simple, invigorating.

DENDY AGATE.

* "The Coming People." By Charles F. Dole. H. R. Allenson, 30, Paternoster-row. Price 5s.

ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE opening article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* is a description by Sir Wemyss Reid of the growth of Mr. Gladstone's power in the country, contrasting his long-continued unpopularity in London with the strong hold he early gained, and held to the last, upon the great masses of the people, especially in the north. There is a vivid description of the enthusiasm of an enormous meeting at Leeds, when 30,000 people were gathered in a temporary hall to hear Mr. Gladstone. None of the speakers who preceded him could make themselves heard. But when the storm of cheers which greeted his rising had subsided, and at last silence had fallen on the seething multitude, "Every man seemed to hold his breath in fear lest he should lose the sound of the voice for which he waited. It came at length; but when the words 'Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,' in the sonorous tones of the orator, were heard distinctly in the furthest corners of the hall, there was instantaneously the wildest, maddest shout of joy that was ever heard from such a multitude. They had heard the voice for which they longed, their fears were set at rest; and so for several minutes they raised cheer after cheer—just in recognition of their leader's voice." The article on "Commercial Manslaughter," by Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, we referred to last week. Mrs. Hugh Bell makes a very salutary plea for "the better teaching of manners," and Prince Kropotkin writes on "Recent Science." Perhaps the most valuable article of all is that by the Warden of Merton on "The University of Oxford in 1898." From intimate knowledge both of the past history and present condition of the University, Dr. Brodrick traces the movements of the past hundred years, and shows how great has been the advance in all that makes for sounder learning and healthier life. At the beginning of the century the interest in athletics can hardly be said to have existed, and the standard of intellectual attainment was miserably low. Successive examination statutes have introduced progressive reform, while the intellectual, as well as the spiritual, activity of the University was quickened by the Oxford Movement and the concurrent liberal movement with which the name of Dr. Arnold is associated. The changes in social habit have been no less striking, the old monastic seclusion having been broken down, and the humanising, if somewhat distracting, presence of ladies having been admitted. Less conventional in habit, and particularly in dress, the undergraduate of the present day is described as a better gentleman, of far healthier tone, as a rule, than his pre-

decessor of other generations. Of the religious influence of Oxford, Dr. Brodrick says:—

One thing is certain—there is no longer an "Oxford Movement" and no theological propaganda distracts the University from attention to its own proper business. The mantle of Newman has fallen on no later prophet, but the High Church party still holds the field in the University, and the great majority of young men who are in earnest about their religious faith draw their inspiration from that source. On the other hand, as all the world knows, there has been a strange alliance between Ritualism and Rationalism, by no means confined to Oxford, but well represented by "Lux Mundi"—a new "Essays and Reviews" in a High Church garb. The preachers who attract the largest congregations in St. Mary's Church, not only at University sermons, but at sermons more specially addressed to undergraduates on Sunday evenings, are chiefly men of this school.

While the influence of the University has been greatly extended of late years throughout the country, by the system of local examinations, the inspection of public schools, and the University Extension Movement, yet the peculiar value of the training in character obtained at Oxford and Cambridge, Dr. Brodrick attributes to the collegiate system of the old Universities, and this, he urges, is a national possession which ought to be carefully preserved.

In the *Contemporary Review* there is a valuable article on "Apostolical Succession," written conjointly by Mr. Vernon Bartlet, of Mansfield College, and the Rev. A. J. Carlyle, Chaplain and Tutor of University College, Oxford. The greater part of the article is taken up with a review and criticism of Canon Moberly's "Ministerial Priesthood," but with reference also to Dr. Hort's "Christian Ecclesia" and Dr. Brown's recent Congregational Lecture on "Apostolical Succession." The soundness of Dr. Hort's interpretation of the early history of the Church, in worthy succession to Lightfoot's famous essay on "The Christian Ministry," and the very unstable historical foundation of the extreme Anglican theory of the Church, are clearly brought out. Canon Barnett writes on "Twenty-five Years of East London," and shows how marked has been the change for the better, in the growth of good order and mutual consideration, the efforts of enlightened workers having been chiefly directed towards four ends, all of which have been to a considerable extent attained: (1.) Reform of the methods of relief. (2.) Provision of habitable houses, baths, and open spaces. (3.) Establishment of the means of higher education. (4.) The making of facilities for personal contact. Among other articles of interest are Mr. A. L. Cotton's description of the work done by William Morris for the art of printing at the Kelmscott Press, an examination by the Dean of Canterbury of Sir Wyke Bayliss's new book, "Rex Regum," carrying on an old discussion on the historical value of the likeness of Christ as found in Art ancient and modern, Dr. Farrar's position being that there is no historical ground for supposing that any real likeness was preserved in the early Church, and an article on Burne-Jones by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer.

Two other articles on Burne-Jones are in *Cosmopolis* and the *Fortnightly*, Herman Helferich writing in the German section of the former review, and claiming Burne-Jones as the most competent of the Pre-Raphaelites, who by the persistent force of his work secured full recognition for the School, while in the *Fortnightly* Mr. William Sharp writes an ardent eulogy, with personal reminiscences of his friend, and a report of some extremely interesting judgments on contemporary artists and authors. His close affinity with Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" is noted, and his mystical religious nature. "Of all spiritual forces in our time," says Mr. Sharp, "there is none so great as that of pity, with the cognate passionate sense of the redeeming power of love. It is this element which gives its rarest bloom and fragrance to the rarest and finest and noblest, in a word to the most spiritual Art of to-day, whether expressed in words or in colour and form." And this we have pre-eminently in Burne-Jones, "a new and individual revelation, in new and convincing beauty, of those spiritual ideas which are shaping the deepest and most distinctive thought of to-day.

Of Canon MacColl's article on "Protestantism and Sacerdotalism" in the same review we spoke last week. Mr. William Archer calls attention to Mr. A. E. Housman, a Shropshire poet, whose single little volume of verse is evidently of unusual quality. It is said to bear marks of "stoical pessimism," "a wistful cynicism" and kinship with Thomas Hardy. But whatever Mr. Housman's temper, it comes out in real poetry.

In the *Westminster Review* the first place is given to an article by the Rev. Ramsden Balmforth, of the Cape Town Free Protestant Church, on the present political situation in Cape Colony, while Mr. R. Didden writes on "The True Secret of Mr. Gladstone's Greatness and Influence," finding it in his noble, unselfish life, his transparent honesty, and his sympathy with the toiling millions, and the practical assistance he rendered to afflicted and down-trodden peoples.

APPEAL.

We have received from Major-General Jacob, of Tavistock, an appeal on behalf of the widow and children of the late Mr. Frederick Webb, whose sad death on the London and South-Western Railway line we chronicled about a month ago. Mr. Webb was working on a ladder at a bridge across the line when a special train from Southampton, coming round a sharp curve, and unheard in a storm of wind and rain, struck the ladder, and he was instantaneously killed. He was known as an extremely careful man and capable workman. Had the accident occurred a week later his family would have had the benefit of the Employers' Liability Act, but as it is they are left unprovided for. Mr. Webb was at the time of his death choirmaster of the Abbey-road Chapel, Tavistock, and, as a convinced Unitarian, was devoted to the service of the congregation.

In response to this appeal, which has been made also in the *Tavistock Gazette*, the following subscriptions have been received:—

	£	s.	d.
The L. & S. W. R.	15	0	0
His Grace the Duke of Bedford	5	0	0
Mr. Rupert Potter	5	0	0
General Jacob	5	0	0
Miss Mayjor and Mrs. Shilston.	4	0	0
Mr. H. Crockford	3	0	0
Mr. D. Radford...	2	2	0
Mr. E. Rundle	2	0	0
Miss E. Tarner...	1	1	0
Mr. R. Fox	1	0	0
Captain Hall Parbly	1	0	0
Dr. Broderick	1	0	0
Captain Butcher	1	0	0
Captain Goldsmith	1	0	0
Mr. J. Squire	1	0	0
Mrs. Robinson	0	10	6
Rev. John Barron	0	10	6
Dr. N. Smythe	0	10	6
Mrs. Naylor	0	10	6
Rev. E. Spencer	0	10	0
Dr. Liddell	0	10	0
Dr. Mariette	0	10	0
Captain Anthony	0	10	0
Major Rolston	0	10	0
Captain Ryall	0	10	0
Mr. W. Rosevear	0	5	0
Mr. R. Minheniot	0	5	0
Mr. J. McKie	0	5	0
Mr. Gaud	0	5	0
Mr. W. Winney, J.P.	0	5	0

Major-General Jacob will be happy to receive further donations at his address, Brooklands, Tavistock.

AUSTRALASIAN NOTES.

In a period of undoubted depression in Church life the progress of Unitarianism and Liberal Christianity is certainly promising. The old Unitarian congregations in Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, are advancing in an encouraging way. The Australian Church (Melbourne), Independent Presbyterian Church (Newcastle), and Our Father's Church (Hobart, Tasmania, and Christ Church, N.Z.), are holding their own very favourably in comparison with the other denominations. A Unitarian congregation has also been formed in Auckland, N.Z., and in connection with this movement the Rev. George Walters, of Sydney, proposes visiting New Zealand in October next, and conducting several services. Steps are also being taken for the establishment of a Unitarian church in Perth, Western Australia, and it is fervently hoped that this will become an accomplished fact at no distant date. It will, therefore, be seen that, taken all round, the Liberal movement is making good progress in spite of great opposition and misrepresentation from the orthodox churches.

At the Melbourne Unitarian Church the Rev. R. H. Lambley, M.A., has been delivering a course of Sunday morning lectures on "Hebrew Prophecy in the Light of the Higher Criticism," which have proved a source of great help and instruction to those privileged to hear them. On Sunday evening, June 19, a "Mozart Musical Service" was held. The whole of the music was selected from Mozart's works, and was capably rendered by the choir, and an address on the life of the great composer was given by the minister. On the afternoon of the Sunday following a bicycle church parade was arranged, and good promises of support were received from a number of cycling clubs. The success of the undertaking was greatly marred by the action of the City Council, who prohibited the parade through the streets from taking place. A fair number of riders and friends, however, attended, and the service, which was chiefly musical, was greatly enjoyed; during the course of the afternoon Mr. Lambley de-

livered a practical address on "The Cycle in Modern Life," and at the close a collection in aid of the funds of the Melbourne Hospital was taken.

The Melbourne Postal Mission is pushing on its work in a manner that speaks volumes for the ladies who have undertaken it. Letters are regularly being received from correspondents in all parts of the Colonies, many of whom express pleasure that they have long been (unknown to themselves) Unitarians.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[*Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Thursday Morning.*]

Dover.—On Aug. 10 a congregational drive was arranged to Fredville Park, where hospitality was provided by one of the members of our church. On the 12th inst. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cockburn Curtiss entertained the Sunday-school children, teachers, and friends to a tea at Ewell Minnis. The weather on both occasions was splendid and the outings were thoroughly enjoyed, and the kind generosity of our friends was much appreciated.

London: College Chapel, Stepney.—The usual monthly Postal Mission Conference was held at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 7. Miss Florence Hill occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings with a few words. Mr. Tavener read a paper on "The Early Christian Church," which was followed by a very interesting discussion, in which several Postal Mission correspondents took part. Most of the visitors stayed to tea and to evening service. Mr. Tavener, who is acting as minister at College Chapel for the present year, preached the sermon, which was suggested by the Annual London Sunday School Teachers' Gathering at Ascot. There was a good congregation, in spite of the fact of holiday time.

To Correspondents.—Some of our friends have forgotten that no letters can be published which are not signed in full by the writer. Letters, &c., received from the following:—A. W.; N. A. and others; E. L.; E. P. B. (thanks); E. S. L. B. (handed to Editor of "Year Book"); J. B.; G. St. Cl.; W. R. S.

Country Air for Weak and Ailing Children.—Miss A. Lawrence, 75, Lancaster-gate, London, W., begs to acknowledge, with many thanks, receipt for this fund of the following sums:—Mrs. F. K. Freeston, 5s.; Mrs. Charles Freeston, 5s.; Lady Lawrence, £2; Five Holiday-makers, £1 11s. 3d.

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OUR CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, August 21.

☞ **It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday afternoon.**

Bermondsey, Fort-road, Upper Grange-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Harold Rylett.

Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. V. D. Davis, B.A.

Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-rd., West Croydon, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. J. Page Hopps.

Deptford, Church-street, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. A. J. Marchant.

Essex Church, The Mall, Notting-hill-gate, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. E. I. Fripp.

Forest-gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11 A.M., Mr. E. J. Bull, and 6.30 P.M., Mr. E. C. Saphin.

Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. A. Cobden Smith.

Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 A.M. and 7 Rev. Worsley Austin.

Highgate Hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. R. Spears.

Islington, Unity Church Upper-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. E. Capleton. Evening, "Is Ritualism Christianity?"

Kentish Town, Free Christian Church, Clarence-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M.

Kilburn, Quex-road. Closed. Re-open Aug. 28th.

Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. C. Pope.

Little Portland-street Chapel, near Oxford-circus, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. H. Rawlings, M.A.

Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. Cadman.

Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. G. Carter.

Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 A.M. and 7 P.M.; 3 P.M., Service for Children, Rev. S. Farrington.

Stepney-Green, College Chapel, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Mr. Lucking Tavener.

Stoke Newington, The Green, 11.15 A.M.

Wandsworth, Unitarian Christian Church, East-hill, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B.A.

Wood Green, Unity Hall, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. Dr. Mummery.

Woolwich, Masonic Hall, Anglesey road, Plumstead, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

PROVINCIAL.

Bath, Trim-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. F. W. Stanley.

Bedford, Library (side room), 6.30 P.M., Rev. Rowland Hill.

Birmingham, Church of the Messiah, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Mr. B. B. Nagarkar.

Blackpool, Bank-street, North Shore, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. Binns.

Blackpool, Unitarian Lay Church, Masonic Hall, Waterloo-road, South Shore, 6.30 P.M.

Bootle, Free Church Hall, Stanley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. H. W. Hawkes.

Bournemouth, Unitarian Church, West-hill-road, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. C. C. Coe.

Brighton, Christ Church (Free Christian), New-road, North-street, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. G. Dawes Hicks, M.A., Ph.D.

Buxton, Hartington-road Church, 11 A.M. and 7 P.M., Rev. George Street.

Canterbury, Blackfriars, 11 A.M., J. Remington Wilson, M.A.

Deal and Walmer, Free Christian Church, High-st., 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Dover, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. S. Burrows.

Eastbourne, Lismore-road, Terminus-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. M. Godfrey.

Guildford, Ward-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. A. Fallows, M.A.

Horsham, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. J. J. Marten.

Leeds, Mill Hill, 10.45 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Liverpool, Hope-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. D. Davis, M.A.

Liverpool, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. J. Jupp.

Liverpool, Renshaw-street Chapel. Closed until Sept. 4th.

Manchester, Sale, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. James Forrest, M.A.

Manchester, Strangeways 10.30 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Margate, Forester's Hall (Side Entrance), Union-crescent, 11 A.M., Rev. W. Birks.

Oxford, Manchester College, 11.30 A.M., Rev. J. E. Odgers, M.A.

Portsmouth, General Baptist Chapel, St. Thomas-street, 6.45 P.M., Mr. Thomas Bond.

Portsmouth, High-street Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.45 P.M., Mr. G. Cosens Prior.

Ramsgate, Assembly Rooms, High-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. W. Birks.

Reading, Unitarian Free Church, London-road, 11.15 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. Voysey.

Scarborough, Westborough, 10.45 A.M. and 7 P.M. Rev. E. L. H. Thomas, B.A.

Southport, Portland-street Church, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Torquay, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. Priestley Prime.

Tunbridge Wells, Mechanics' Institute, Dudley-road, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M.

Weymouth, Oddfellows' Hall, Market-street, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. C. Bennett.

York, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 11 A.M. and 6.30 P.M., Rev. E. A. Maley.

Cape Town, Free Protestant Unitarian Church, Hout-street, 6.30 P.M., Rev. R. Balmforth.

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